Aaron Burr Memorial: Prepared and Edited by the Grand Camp of the Aaron Burr Legion in Commemoration of the 147th Anniversary of the Birthday of Colonel Aaron Burr

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Charles Felton Pidgin, Aaron Burr Legion

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THE

Aaron Burr

MEMORIAL

Prepared and Edited by the

GRAND CAMP *of The* Aaron Burr LEGION

In Commemoration of the

147th Anniversary of the Birthday of

Colonel AARON BURR.

Born February 6, 1756 ✠ Died September 14, 1836

Illustrated

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THE Aaron Burr MEMORIAL

Colonel Aaron Burr.

By Vice Councilor, MARION LAIRD LAW, *Newark, N.J.*

Fame came to him, but as to one,
The glorious marvel of his life abused.
The world acknowledged the attainment won
Yet censured all the methods he had used.

Great thoughts found lodging in his fertile brain,
Plans, which to-day are rarest policy,
Were but conceived to be his honor's stain —
For lo! a century before his time was he.

The name of Burr was crowned with highest praise:
The tribute of a nation given him;
And in the pursuit of his trusted ways
No taint of sin had made his record dim.

Till in the shadow of publicity
A traitor's whisper found an echo there —
And those who for his place had jealousy
Helped swell the echo till it filled the air.

A century did the nation's children scorn
The name of Burr — yet through the years
The trumpet of the truth has borne
The righteous judgment of the nation's seers

And time shall prove that Colonel Aaron Burr
Was guiltless of the treachery they claim —
That courage, truth and valor were
The attributes concentred in his name.

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OPENING ADDRESS

OF THE

Councilor-in-Chief

AT THE

Aaron Burr Memorial Meeting

HELD AT

NEWARK, N. J., July 14, 1903

SOLDIERS OF THE LEGION AND FRIENDS:—

In addressing you on this occasion, I shall be obliged to confine myself to the consideration of a few salient points. When I tell you that, in the carrying out of my purpose to write a correct and truthful account of the life and character of Colonel Burr, I, personally or with the aid of my assistants, have examined more than five thousand books, newspapers, periodicals, and manuscripts, and that the accumulated testimony gleaned therefrom covers thousands of typewritten pages, you will not expect me to condense this amount into the limit allowed for an opening address. Neither shall I have an opportunity to consider the score of fanciful tales, canards, or lies invented by enterprising writers which have found a place in the daily or weekly press during the past year. These letters will receive attention in the Aaron Burr Memorial to be issued in September.

The enemies of Burr, in referring to him, continually bring to public attention five points in connection with his life and character, and it is to the consideration of these that I propose to devote my time.

His enemies declare, first, that he was the greatest profligate of his time; second, that he intrigued to wrest the presidency from Thomas Jefferson and secure that high position for himself; third, that he murdered Alexander Hamilton and should be called an assassin; fourth, his Southwestern Expedition is stigmatized as traitorous, and there are those who consider that he should have met with the extreme penalty of the law; fifth, that he was not a constructive statesman and did nothing which entitles him to the gratitude or reverence of his countrymen. Let us take up these points *seriatim*.

The times in which Aaron Burr lived were profligate. The times which follow a war usually are profligate. War breaks up families and disintegrates society, and it takes years for it to get back to its accustomed tranquillity. After a storm upon the ocean it is often days before the waves subside and the evidences of the tempest pass away. Let us admit, then, that Aaron Burr belonged to the times in which he lived and, undoubtedly, lived according to the customs and manners of the time. I have been accused of desiring to make a saint of Aaron Burr. Perhaps I would if I had the power, but that power is not in my hands. I may say, however, incidentally, that my reading of history shows me that many saints, now honored and revered, during their youthful years were as profligate as Aaron Burr's worst enemies have declared him to have been.

Some time ago, I received a letter, presumably from an admirer of Alexander Hamilton, in which I was informed that if I did not cease publishing books reflecting upon General Hamilton, his friends would publish some secret memoirs which would reflect more seriously upon the character of Colonel Burr than anything which had yet been published. I wrote at once to my correspondent, advising her to publish the secret memoirs at once, that I was anxious to learn the truth, and that, if she had anything in her possession, or her friends had, that would bring out the truth, I thought it but just to all concerned to print it at once. I have waited anxiously for their publication, I have scanned all the literary periodicals to see if I could find an announcement of their publication, but, so far, my efforts have been without success.

I think, as a rule, that threats do not amount to much, but, as I have been threatened, I propose to do a little threatening myself. I have in my possession certain documents which prove conclusively that the contemporaries of Colonel Aaron Burr were as profligate as he was, and, what is more,

they were not so circumspect as he was, for the evidences of their profligacy can be obtained, while I have been unable to secure any authenticated statement which proved beyond a doubt the assertions made against the moral character of Colonel Burr.

There is a nonsensical story told about a certain Indian girl whom Colonel Burr met at Fort Western at the time of Arnold's march through the wilderness. If we are to believe this story, this Indian girl accompanied Colonel Burr on the terrible march through the wilderness, made the journey with him to Montreal, and afterwards was taken by him to Long Island, where she lived for many years. I have made the most careful search in order to substantiate either the truth or falsity of this story, and can find only this — that it emanated from a clique hostile to Colonel Burr, and, so far as I can learn, never proceeded outside of the limit of the influence of that clique.

Now, as to my threat, which is this: having in my possession this material which proves conclusively the profligacy of Colonel Burr's contemporaries, I hereby threaten to publish the same in *extenso* if attacks upon the moral character of Colonel Burr are kept up, unless they are accompanied by incontrovertible evidence. There is a saying, "To err is human, to forgive divine," but in reading the comments upon the character of Colonel Burr made by biographers and historians, I have never been able to discover that they possessed even a scintilla of that divine quality known as forgiveness. From their writings, I should rather imagine that they were thoroughly impregnated with that vindictiveness and revengeful feeling which is considered to be one of the attributes of the Prince of Darkness.

Now, as to the second point. It is charged by the enemies of Burr that he endeavored to secure the Presidency of the United States and oust the people's choice, Thomas Jefferson. Let us consider the matter. Under the terms of the Constitution, the presidential electors voted for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be president, and the other vice-president. When the votes were counted, it was discovered that Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr had the same number of votes, seventy-three. Now, will any sensible man maintain that the presidential electors, having given the same number of votes to Thomas Jefferson and to Aaron Burr, indicated in any way by that vote which one they wished for president? . At the present day, whenever an electoral vote is declared and a certain candidate is shown to have a majority, the friends of the defeated candidate console themselves with the reflection that, although their nominee did not receive enough electoral votes to secure his election, yet he received the popular vote. This is hedging. It means nothing, and the statement has no value. The president is not elected by popular vote but by presidential electors, and, in 1800, seventy-three presidential electors presented the names of Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr for the two highest positions in the government of the country, but without signifying by their vote which one of these gentlemen should be the chief executive and which one vice-president. As is well known, there was no choice, and the matter went to the House of Representatives, where the vote was taken by states. The Federalists, with a possible exception of General Hamilton, who was not only the political opponent but a bitter personal enemy of Colonel Burr, came to the conclusion, as they had a perfect right to do, that they preferred Colonel Burr for Presidency instead of Thomas Jefferson. Despite the utmost efforts of his enemies, they have not been able to connect Colonel Burr with any scheme for securing his election as president by improper means. I cannot now go into the details of this controversy, but would advise all my hearers to read that great book written by Isaac Jenkinson, Esquire, of Richmond, Indiana, entitled "Aaron Burr: His Personal and Political Relations with Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamton."

To aspire to be president of the United States is a laudable ambition, and if the Federalists in Congress thought that Colonel Burr would make a more desirable president than Thomas Jefferson, they had a perfect right to

vote for him, and no implication of corruption or intrigue should be thrown upon the recipient of those votes. If we should follow the ideas of Colonel Burr's critics, at the present day all those who succeed in securing office would be honest politicians, while all those who fail to secure election would be dishonest intriguers, because their friends attempted to honor them by an election. This is nonsensical, and every sensible man cannot fail to see it.

The third point relates to the duel between Colonel Burr and General Hamilton. Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton fought a duel. Each had the same opportunity. The result was that Hamilton was mortally wounded and died the next day. In my opinion, that man who professes friendship for another, who becomes a guest at his house, who sits at his table and breaks bread with him, and then, after leaving his company, sits down and writes confidential letters in which he discloses the private conversation heard at his friend's table, and uses that conversation to the social and political detriment of his host, is beneath contempt. Even in our degenerate days, such a man would be said to merit the cowhide, rather than be given an opportunity to defend his so-called honor. I think, I feel sure, that the common sense of the country, considering that the *code duello* was recognized at the time of the meeting between Colonel Burr and General Hamilton, and as the seconds of both parties agreed upon a statement that the duel was carried out according to the rules and regulations governing such affairs of honor — I repeat that the common sense of the country will not longer tolerate the statement in our school books that Colonel Burr was a murderer and an assassin. It is true that General Hamilton died from a wound received in the duel with Burr, and that simple statement, which is a true one, should suffice.

Fourth, the Southwestern Project. I hope, if you have not already done so, you will read as soon as possible the work written by Doctor Walter F. McCaleb, entitled "The Aaron Burr Conspiracy," in which you will find much new material relating to this question. Despite the efforts of the government, despite the personal and political vindictiveness of President Jefferson, Colonel Burr, after a prolonged trial, was acquitted of the charges of treason and misdemeanor, but his enemies say that the verdict was simply "Not Proven," and that a stigma remains. What stigma? If Colonel Burr had undertaken his expedition before the purchase of Louisiana, the statement might have received some credit from the student. The farmers of the West at that time were clamoring for an opportunity to secure an outlet for their products. The Spaniards held the mouth of the Mississippi River and exacted a large import duty. But, at the time of the Southwestern Expedition, President Jefferson had purchased the Louisiana Territory, and the whole country was under the control of the United States authorities. The mouth of the Mississippi had been opened, and the farmers of the West had had their cause of complaint removed. What possible chance was there that Colonel Burr could succeed in any plan to detach the Western States from the Union? Why should they join his to-be empire? The western pioneers had fought too long and too bravely against hereditary rule to be willing to again submit themselves to it.

It has been said that Aaron Burr was a filibuster, but he was no more of a filibuster, nor so much so, as was General Alexander Hamilton when, second in command of the army, he conspired to aid General Miranda and the South American revolutionists to throw off the yoke of Spain. There is an old saying that "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Why is it then that what was consummate patriotism in Alexander Hamilton should be called black treason in the case of Aaron Burr? General Washington declared that, with three hundred West Augusta riflemen he would carve his way to the Gulf and open the Mississippi River. General Jackson yearned to lead his thousand Kentucky riflemen against the Spaniards. In 1836, General Sam Houston, at the battle of San Jacinto, defeated Santa Anna, which victory led ultimately to accession of Texas. Why

was it that these assertions and actions were patriotic, when a similiar purpose on the part of Colonel Burr became conspiracy and even treason? Why was it, in 1846, only ten years after the death of Colonel Burr, that the United States entered upon a war of aggrandizement, resulting in the acquisition of a large amount of territory from its weak neighbor Mexico? The very fact that the United States troops were victorious in every battle shows that the combatants were unequally matched. If a cartoonist should draw a picture of a giant eight feet tall grasping a small boy by the nape of the neck and shaking him until he gave up some pennies which had been given him to spend for candy, it would give a very fair representation of the Mexican War. I have not referred to the opposition of the Federalists to the extension of the Union beyond the Alleghanies, but to my mind it was fully as treasonable for these same Federalists to oppose the extension westward of the Star of Empire as it was for Colonel Burr to raise his standard, grasp that star, and seek to carry it beyond the Rio Grande.

Fifth, and lastly, as the divines say, let us consider the statement that Aaron Burr was not constructive in his statesmanship and did nothing to entitle him to the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. We have seen for years past in our National Congress that there are two kinds of statesmen; one kind talks and writes, and the other works. During the constructive period of the country, following the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the number of statesmen who could talk and write was very large, but there were comparatively few who worked without saying or writing much about what they were doing. Colonel Burr belonged to this latter class of statesmen. In considering the great question of the relations between Burr and Hamilton, I have tried to look upon the matter in a broad way. To do this I have put them to one side in their characters as men and looked upon them as distinct types, representative of opposite ideas. I do not think that I can be controverted when I say that Alexander Hamilton was the most powerful and persistent advocate of a monarchical or semi-monarchical form of government in this country. He was imbued with British instincts and British ideas. When he found that he could not secure the constitution that he desired, he changed front and, placing himself at the head of the victorious party, waved his flag triumphantly and secured for himself the credit which they had won. In these days, we call such a man, not a statesman, but a political trimmer.

Burr represented the republican or democratic idea in politics. He was the first man to comprehend the absolute necessity of organization if a political battle were to be won. He applied to politics the same rules that generals apply to their campaigns. He made sure of his commanding officers; he made sure that they were reliable and that the men under them could be depended upon. He had a careful descriptive roster made of both officers and men. Their places upon the days of political conflict were fixed, and each man was expected to be at his post and to perform his duty. The result was success. Federalism was defeated and the republican-democratic idea came to the front, there to remain for threescore years until the Civil War caused a relapse into what may be called modern Hamiltonianism, or a centralized government. But, thank Heaven, that form of centralization has been secured under a democratic-republican form of government and not under a monarchical. By doing the work that he did, resulting in the election of Thomas Jefferson as president and himself as vice-president, Aaron Burr performed the greatest act of constructive statesmanship of his time. What Alexander Hamilton had done to secure the adoption of the Constitution was as naught compared with the victory won by Aaron Burr, which overthrew the last remnant of monarchical power in this country and placed the government fairly in the hands of the people, although the climax of the victory was not reached until many years later, when Andrew Jackson, one of the people, became the chief executive. How any sensible man, in the face of these facts, can declare that Aaron Burr did nothing in the way of constructive

statesmanship, I am at a loss to conceive.

And now let me give in a few words the reason why this day, the fourteenth day of July, has been selected as the one on which to commemorate the birthday of Colonel Burr. The choosing of it was not at my own suggestion, but at that of one of the vice councilors, who gave as his reasons the ones which I will now repeat. He said in a letter to me that on the fourteenth day of July the attack was made upon the Bastille in Paris, which was the beginning of the overthrow of monarchical tyranny in France, which country, after many political convulsions, at last has taken its place, no doubt permanently, among the republics of the world. Again, the day is the one upon which Alexander Hamilton, the strongest representative of monarchical government in this country, was laid away in Trinity Churchyard, in New York; a victim not only of the *code duello*, but of an erroneous political doctrine which he had persistently advocated and which had been so defiantly repudiated by his countrymen.

In conclusion, I desire to consider the objects of the Aaron Burr Legion and to show you to what extent they have been secured since the organization in January, 1902. The membership of the Legion has been reported to you by the Recorder-in-Chief, and the financial condition of the organization by the Treasurer-in-Chief. My purpose is now to make my report as Councilor-in-Chief and Correspondent-in-Chief, it having been the wish of the Grand Camp that I should hold both offices until such time as they should deem a change desirable.

The first object of the Aaron Burr Legion, as stated in the Plan of Organization, is to secure and print a list of all the portraits now extant of Colonel Aaron Burr, his wife, daughter, father, grandfather, and such others of his relatives as the Grand Camp may direct; such printed list to give the names of the artists and the names of the owners or places of deposit of the portraits. The work in this line has been very successful.

The second object is to make and print a similar list of all mementos, original letters or manuscripts, or copies of same, with similar specification as to ownership and location. In the course of my correspondence, I have obtained considerable information in regard to the location of manuscripts and letters. The prices charged for them are very high and the owners naturally do not wish to have copies made of them. I would say here that a gentleman of means, living in one of the Western States, is the owner of the original diary kept by Burr during his four years' residence in Europe. He informs me that the Journal edited by Matthew L. Davis contains not more than a third of the original material, and he has had printed at his own expense, not for sale, but for distribution to libraries, historical societies, and those interested in the life and work of Colonel Burr, an edition of two hundred and fifty copies of the complete journal.

The third object is to prepare and print a bibliography of all printed works relating to Colonel Burr and his contemporaries, whether contained in histories, biographies, works of fiction, or any other book, pamphlet, or periodical. No accurate count has yet been made of the number of titles that will be printed in such a bibliography, but a close estimate indicates that it will not fall far short, if any, of one thousand titles. It is undoubtedly true that no other American has had so much written for, about, and against him as Colonel Aaron Burr.

The fourth object is to secure the writing and publication in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, or books, of such articles or poems as will tend to remove the obloquy or refute the calumnies cast upon the name of Colonel Aaron Burr during the past hundred years; and to provide for the delivery of lectures, addresses, and orations designed to secure the same end. A romance entitled "Blennerhassett; or, the Decrees of Fate," in which Colonel Burr was a conspicuous figure, was published in the fall of 1901; a similar work, entitled "Aaron Burr, the Napoleon of America," a sequel to "Blennerhassett," was published in September, 1902. The following works have also been issued, in

which Colonel Burr figured prominently: "Aaron Burr: His Personal and Political Relations with Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton," by Isaac Jenkinson of Richmond, Indiana; "The True Aaron Burr," by Charles Burr Todd; "The Stirrup Cup," by J. Aubrey Tyson; "The Aaron Burr Conspiracy," by Walter F. McCaleb; "Rival Cæsars," by Desmond Dilg; "The Man in the Camlet Cloak," by Carlen Bateson; and besides these a short story by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer in Lippincott's Magazine, and a serial story by Louise Kennedy Mabie in Munsey's Magazine. In all these works, Colonel Burr is presented in a favorable light. Numerous articles have also appeared in the newspapers and, as previously stated, a work entitled "The Aaron Burr Memorial" will be published in September of this year.

The fifth object is to take all proper and legal measures to secure the expunging from all reading books, or other text books used in the public schools of America, of that portion of the speech of William Wirt during the trial of Aaron Burr at Richmond, Virginia, which relates to the alleged intimacy of Colonel Burr and Mrs. Blennerhassett. In only one work that I know of has the allegation made by William Wirt against the character of Mrs. Blennerhassett been repeated, and that in a novel entitled "A Dream of Empire." Its author not only makes a direct statement, but places in the mouths of Mrs. Blennerhassett's young children words to show that they were acquainted with the facts, and even makes one of them say to his mother that she does not love his father, but is in love with Colonel Burr. It is not necessary to bring any testimony to refute a statement which has not the slightest probability and no credible evidence whatever to sustain it.

The sixth object is to adopt all proper and legal measures to secure the expunging from the histories, or other text books used in the public schools of America, of the words "murderer" or "assassin" as applied to Colonel Burr on account of his duel with General Hamilton; also the word "traitor" as applied to Colonel Burr on account of his connection with the Southwestern Project, he having been tried five times for alleged offences and each time acquitted by juries of his countrymen. Work is progressing in connection with the fifth and sixth objects as just stated. In a recent edition of a well-known encyclopædia I found sixteen historical errors and statements under the names Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett. I called the attention of the editor of the volumes to the fact and, in a very pleasantly-worded letter, he expressed his intention of correcting them in the next edition of the work. In a recent issue of the New York *Sun*, a statement was made editorially to the effect that no sensible person now called Colonel Burr either a murderer or an assassin. Many papers in different parts of the country have declared in editorial articles that there is no reason why the word "traitor" should be applied to Colonel Burr. I have noticed a most healthful reaction in the minds of newspaper editors during the past year in writing of Colonel Burr.

The seventh object is to formulate and put in operation a plan for the raising of a fund to secure the erection in Newark, New Jersey, where Colonel Burr was born, or in New York City, his adopted home, of a lasting testimonial to perpetuate his memory, that of his beloved daughter Theodosia, and of his grandson and namesake, Aaron Burr Alston. The time has not yet come for a presentation of this scheme to the public.

The eighth object is to popularize the movement and attract attention to the objects of the organization by the use of stationery and post cards, comprising paper, envelopes, and cards made of material, Colonial buff in color, and having a portrait of Aaron Burr, and the name of the organization printed thereon in blue ink. This has been carried out to the extent that the stationery and post cards have been prepared, and sales made to members of the organization and other persons.

I have stated that the time has not yet arrived for presenting to the public a scheme for the raising of a fund to secure the erection of a monument to the memory of Colonel Burr. The organization of Outposts or subsidiary

associations must precede the presentation of such a scheme. It has been deemed advisable by the Grand Camp not to push the organization of Outposts until after the first annual meeting, but I propose to organize next fall an Outpost in the city of Boston, and when the movement is once under way, I have no doubt that it will be contagious, and such organizations will be established throughout the country.

I desire to extend my sincere thanks to the Officers and Vice Councilors of the Legion for the valuable and cordial assistance which they have given me in supplying me with material to be used in the preparation of my "Life of Aaron Burr," and thanks are also due to my hundreds of correspondents in all parts of the country. They have vied with each other in searching newspapers, magazines, and books in order to secure information which would be of value, and all this has been placed in my hands for the good of the cause.

As I stated in the beginning, in the preparation of this work more than five thousand books, newspapers and periodicals have been examined, and extracts selected for use in the writing of the book. I think that so exhaustive a search has never before been made in the case of any other American. To collect this material has required a cash outlay of between three and four thousand dollars, and when the manuscript is ready for the publisher, the outlay will amount to at least five thousand dollars. No small part of this expense has been for the illustrations, and some two hundred portraits of Colonel Burr and his contemporaries, together with at least one hundred other illustrations, will appear in the volume. I sincerely trust that when this work is completed, there will be no aftermath; that it will be considered the end of the matter; that it may be the end of the bitter political feud which has existed for a hundred years between the supporters of Colonel Burr, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton.

Let us remember that they were all Americans and that each did his work according to his best light for the good of the country. It is ungenerous and unjust for the supporters of one statesman to claim absolute credit for him and to allow none to his contemporaries. The general in command of an army does not win the battle. He would be powerless without the assistance of his subordinate officers, and the rank and file. Napoleon once said that if he could have had the assistance of Turenne and Marlboro he could have conquered the world. Let us be satisfied that America has produced such men as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr. You see that I am not disposed to be ungenerous, for I have placed Colonel Burr as the last in the list. The military persistency of Washington, the diplomatic ability of Franklin, the belief in the people evinced by Jefferson, the assimilative powers of Hamilton, and the organizing tact of Burr, are possessions of which all Americans should be proud. I think the time has come to bury the feelings of bitterness founded upon political, religious, and social antipathies. I, for one, am willing to hold out the olive branch, or to accept it when extended, but if the opponents of Colonel Burr still persist in their misrepresentations, still refuse to print the truth when their errors are pointed out to them, then there is no course left for those who believe in Colonel Burr, but to carry on the battle until the one whose cause they have espoused is placed upon a pedestal beside the other great Americans, or those who were as guilty as he is said to be are thrown down from the eminences which they now occupy and are cast into the pit in which the enemies of Burr have placed him, and where it seems to be their purpose to keep him forever.

Aaron Burr—The "New" Man.

L. U. O., Kansas City Mo.,
May 27, 303 E. M.

My Dear Mr. Pidgin:

The enclosed gives a pleasant glimpse of Aaron Burr at 77, and reminds me that I owe you a letter to try to tell why it is proper and needful for a true life of him to be written.

The reason in short is this: Burr was a typical man, the beginning of a new species, destined to become *a*, if not *the* dominant one

in the future of civilized people. Do you remember that in former letters we traced by means of Darwin, Galton and others, the Edwards family through the Theological and Metaphysical states of mind to their last and completing flower in Jonathan's and Aaron's parents? Then Burr (Aaron) came to us as a new, a "first hand soul" in contrast to and with all other souls which had been only "second hand," the results of some Gods, Devils, or traditional notions or principles, divine or metaphysical. Show another man who has so completely grown out of and risen above that old world! And don't forget the astonishing fact that Burr had done all this in his youth, and that as the first result he sought and took part in and did his best in the most risky expedition of the new war of liberation, and was always faithful and true to that cause during one of the most disappointing and trying of lives of eighty years and over.

There was thus always felt to be something peculiar about the man, something which separated him from others, and this absence of the old, was it. He took this world and its doings, and his life in it, as *the fact*, as more *ultimate* than any, and without Gods or Devils, principles or dreams, beyond.

This made him to his fellows and citizens the "Infidel and *unprincipled* Burr." He had examined into and then laid aside forever that *past*, which was made up of "*The Gods*" of his Fathers, that is of Theology, and of the "Principles" of his contemporaries, the Deistic Metaphysicians, who discovered "self-evident truths" and "eternal principles." He accepted, and lived upon, the facts and laws of this world — taking them to be as real, true and eternal as any.

Who before him took this world as actual eternity? Who had the factual, clear-cut decisive mind, with the awful nerve and courage of heart to do it? It was this entirely different world and foundation of character that made him peculiar and '*sui generis*,' isolated, lofty and sublime. By it, his fellows were separated from him and he from them. By it, he was condemned to live his life alone and so stand out as the "dark and suspicious man." He never imparted his "secrets," and never made a defense except with a fact, a verdict or a bullet. He scorned vaporing talk and air-castles. His every word was the reality of a feeling, a thought a thing; the very consciousness of veracity which Charles O'Conor learned from him and made famous by his style at the Bar. (See for instance his argument in the Lemon Slave case, New York Court of Appeals, 1860).

Now what was the first fact that he realized as the result of dropping all old traditions and ideas? It was that his life and career must be in heart *American* and on this continent. He had a good acquaintance with the Latin and French languages, but he had no traditions that they brought to others. His tradition, philosophy and religion was America, its *Republic* and the extension of it over this continent, and of its influence over the world. He was the new man of fact, in the world of real new facts around him.

From this singular view of the world as Science then explained it, and of society and of his fellows as they explained his own life, can his character now be truthfully and usefully laid open. No life or account of Burr has, therefore, hitherto reached his true inwardness or discerned his value. From the higher modern point of view he is now for the first time revealed to us, and we become conscious of him as he was never conscious of himself. He was the new man — the first American Realist. And we must follow this out to understand him.

(1) In his professional, political and individual career — his associations with men, he went for the highest objects in a real, clear cut and factual way. Thus it was he who actually saved the American Republic: he was the friend and executor of Paine who really originated, inspired and founded it. While other statesmen overwhelmed by traditions vapored in clouds of words "Little Burr" did the only effective work. He organized and then saved the victory of the Republic. His skill transformed New York, and thus the Nation, and placed Jefferson in the President's chair. His bullet, for ample provocation, executed the arch-conspirator Hamilton, just at the time (as the reason he gave the night before for fighting the duel, which he knew and confessed to be wrong, *plainly* intimates) he was bringing the great results of his singularly able and industrious life to bear, by revolution if necessary, against that "beast," as he called them, the people and *their* government.

(2) Then to repair all, Burr sought to extend the Republic by his Western expedition, and other efforts over the continent. This was prevented by the foolish misunderstanding of Wilkinson and Jefferson. Had Jackson been president, Burr would have given us the rest of the continent (in place of Hamilton's Miranda) without a subsidy (fifteen millions) or a Mexican war. The coalition against him was too strong, and the rest of his life had to be spent in illustrating the defeated instead of the successful hero.

It turns out that Burr was not untrue to Jefferson in the matter of the presidency (see his letter to Smith); that there was no "treason" in his Anabasis; that if there ever was, or could be, a justifiable duel it was his with Hamilton. And against him it was that the great fight for the Democratic Republic had to be made at the bar, in the Cabinet and before the people. Who began that fight and bore the brunt of it, and put up Jefferson and Jackson to continue it? And who has really won? The future of the republic can only tell.

The insinuations against Burr's honesty have faded out with time, for want of evidence; and the fact that there were strong friends, men and women, who stood by him to the last — stood by this *new* and *genuine* man, through all the falsehood and obloquy that could be heaped upon a human being, shows him for what he really was!

And even "those relations with women," take a very different aspect from this *new* point of view. As a husband and father he has been

the admiration of his bitterest enemies. What he thought women could and should be, he proved to the world by what he brought up his own daughter to be, and the mutual worship between them. Nor was that worship limited there — that it went out to all women (womanhood) is shown by his ever gracious conduct towards them, and the fact that the large painted portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft was kept over his mantle-piece, as proof of his position with her, among the very first of those who recognized the nobility and future emancipation of women, when it was social death to do either. But in all this he was the new and rare man, one whose first love (Margaret) separated by the exigencies of war, wrote her life to tell of this affection as its glory; and whose last love ministered to him 'till death took her place as she closed his eyes for the final sleep. He said more than once in various ways; "I have never deceived a woman," "never disowned an imputation of paternity." What kind of a man was it who could say that? And what the position of woman when all men can say it? As Parton says: "He never wallowed in the slough of prostitution." "The love of this man was that of a gentleman." Those who have been most ready to throw stones at him were the foul-minded and the guilty. Hamilton, the black-mailer, began it as an electioneering dodge, sprung suddenly all over the state on the eve of an election, when reply was impossible — for telegraph and speedy delivery then were not. Ever since then, Hamilton's "protectors of morals" have been throwing stones and telling about wondrous letters; but we have to take their words chiefly for their contents, and it is evident that they were not pure minded enough to understand them. Had those letters proved the charges, they would not have disappeared.

He was the new American man of fact, original in war, in law, in statesmanship and in love.

He was always obliging and polite, even to the priests who would have prayed him to death, giving to their inquiry about his religion, the answer: "You know I was always coy on that subject."

Thus ended the *invincible*, if not victorious, man.

His life is a tragedy of ill-fate and endurance, because it was *new* and so out of place and out of time. That fate made him impossible in his environment. He had to keep his own secrets; he would not slander, he would not defend, and so he has been slandered into the lowest hell by those who should find a lower, and who died with the sacrament sticking in their throats.

He cannot be extruded out of American life and history; he must be explained. For as a first type, and model cast, he is invaluable in the novelty, clearness of cut, and outline, both as an example and warning.

THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN.

Suggestive!

The following letter was addressed to the Councilor-in-Chief of the Aaron Burr Legion: —

Holten High School,
H. J. Chase, Principal.
DANVERS, MASS., Feb. 16, 1903.

DEAR SIR: The debate upon Aaron Burr was postponed one week. Hence the delay in my reply. By unanimous vote upon the merits of the question the decision was in favor of the negative: *i. e.*, that Burr was not guilty of treason. Yours truly,

H. J. CHASE.

Out of Whole Cloth.

The following article made its appearance in a Western newspaper late in December, 1902, and was copied extensively by other papers throughout the country. In some of them it was expanded to a column or more.

Son of Aaron Burr.

DETROIT CENTENARIAN MAKES AN ASTONISHING CLAIM.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 26, 1902.— Charles Henry Burr Crosby has returned to his home in this city, after an absence of almost thirty years. He is now in his 108th (?) year and is fast nearing his 9th birthday over the century mark. He claims that he is the second son of Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States during the first term of Jefferson.

The elder Crosby's story of Burr's last days is an interesting one. When Burr came back to this country his once mighty brain had deserted him. Poor in health and with little left of his former large fortune, he managed to exist on a meagre law practice. His wife had died and when he met a squaw of negro and Indian blood he fell in love with her. The squaw's father had been taken from Africa as a slave. The bride of Burr was a handsome woman and for her station in life fairly refined.

The old man in Detroit says that he was their only son. Crosby says his mother was sent to England because of popular indignation against the union.

He claims to have roamed the world and in one of his sea voyages asserts he learned that Theodosia Burr, his half sister, as he calls her, was forced to walk the plank by pirates who captured the ship in which she and her husband, Joseph Alston, left Charleston for New York, in 1783.

Nothing more idiotic has ever been printed. According to Mr. Crosby's own statement, he must have been born in 1794. The marriage of his mother to Colonel Burr must have been in that year or in 1793. At that time Colonel Burr was a senator, attending the sessions of Congress in Philadelphia, his residence being at Richmond Hill in New York City.

Mr. Crosby says, or the newspaper makes him say, that Colonel Burr married his mother after his return from Europe, which was in 1812. This would indicate that Mr. Crosby was born either eighteen or nineteen years before Colonel Burr met his mother.

Colonel Burr's brain had not "deserted" him when he returned from Europe. He had an extensive law practice and took an active interest in public affairs.

Mrs. Theodosia Burr Alston left Charleston for New York in 1812, instead of in 1783, the latter being the year of her birth.

The whole article furnishes a sad example of the impossibility of reconciling fantastic inventions with facts. Before this article was printed, no man or woman, living or dead, had ever charged that Colonel Burr made any such marriage. The story is so ridiculous that it and its author are deserving only of contempt.

Burr as a "Traitor."

There are some astonishing misstatements and contradictions in an article in the New York "Times" reviewing a new book on Aaron Burr. In the presidential contest of 1800 Thomas Jefferson of Virginia and Aaron Burr of New York received an equal number of electoral votes for president. The election was accordingly thrown into Congress. The author says: "After weary days of balloting and much bitterness Jefferson was made president, Burr becoming vice-president." The comment of the "Times" is remarkable:

It would appear from this that there was no improper conduct on the part of Burr in thus attempting to deprive Jefferson of the office to which, all agreed, he had been chosen.

How could "all have agreed" that Jefferson had been chosen when Jefferson and Burr were tied in the electoral college?

"To the average American of that day and ours, too," adds the "Times," "Burr's behavior was little short of criminal." It is clear that the "Times" does not know what Burr's behavior really was. The truth is, that after the tie in the electoral college Burr's conduct was in the highest degree honorable, for he absolutely refused to lift so much as his little finger to promote his election to the presidency by the house of representatives. He would promise no patronage and pledge himself to no policy; if the members of the house wanted him for president, they had the privilege of saying so, but he would do absolutely nothing to influence the choice. And over and over again he refused to allow his friends to interfere in his behalf; at times they were fierce in their anger because of his scruples, and pointed out the intrigues of the Jeffersonians, and Jefferson's own participation therein, as ample justification for similar electioneering by Burr and his adherents. But he turned a deaf ear to their appeals; the presidency was not an office to be won by corrupt bargaining. While the contest was at its height one of Jefferson's own supporters, a congressman who was most determined in his opposition to Burr, said, in a confidential letter to a friend, "Had Burr done anything for himself he would ere this have been president." It is easy, therefore, to see how wide the "Times" is from the truth when it declares that Burr's behavior was little short of criminal.

For nearly a century, says the "Times," after a discussion of Burr's expedition to the Southwest, "Aaron Burr has been to the American public one of the few traitors to the country," adding that "this universal public opinion may not be wide of the mark." But if Burr was a traitor, why was he not convicted of treason? The whole power of Jefferson's administration was brought against him; army officers were forced to act as spies, and General Wilkinson, the commander of the army, not only appeared before the grand jury as a witness against Burr, but bolstered up his perjuries with forgeries. Even the "Times" admits that John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States, who presided at the trial, had been "openly warned by the administration that failure to convict Burr might bring another impeachment trial, but John Marshall was not the man to be coerced." And so, if Burr was a "traitor," why was he not convicted? And having been tried and triumphantly acquitted, why should he be announced as a traitor, not only by the "Times," but by nearly all writers on American History? The probable explanation is that the result of Burr's duel with Hamilton aroused such a strong popular prejudice against him—though it was an age of duelling and the duel was fairly fought—that contemporaneous writers were blinded to the truth as to all other incidents in his remarkable career, or found it to their interest to paint his character in the blackest colors. But present day writers are not supposed to be blinded by passion; we are justified in expecting from them the absolute and colorless truth, especially when they are discussing events of the last century.

The truth as to Burr's Southwestern expedition which led to his arrest, trial and acquittal on the charge of treason may be stated in a few words. He was ruined in business and politics in the East, but had many admirers in the South. To that section, therefore, he turned his energies as the only field for a new career. Purchasing a large tract of land on the banks of the Washita, a tributary of the Red river, he resolved upon settling there, and to that end headed an expedition down the Mississippi. At that time nearly all the public men of the country expected an early war with Spain over Mexico, and it was natural that Burr, an adventurous spirit and a man of great military capacity, should desire to be near the scene of the expected conflict. It was natural, too, that he should have discussed the impending war with his friends and planned his share therein; but wholly aside from the fact that the jury acquitted him, there is no reason to believe that Burr planned an attack on New Orleans, that he plotted for the secession of the West, that he intended at any time to defy the military power or violate the laws of his country, or that his projects were in any respect treasonable. The prosecution's own witnesses testified on the trial that Burr's warlike projects, whatever they may have been, were not to be put into execution until the United States itself had taken the initiative by declaring war against Spain.—*The Post Express, Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1903.*

Aaron Burr

Aaron Burr.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Aye, come to the grave where they laid him to sleep,
And left him in shame's mocking silence so long;
The hard and the haughty may now pause to weep.
To pity his errors and call back the wrong.

The world's bitter scorn hath so heavily lain,
And cast down its night on his desolate tomb,--
At least let the broad-visioned Present refrain,
Nor scatter the ashes that lie in the gloom.

The spirit of vengeance hath followed the dead,
And deepened the shadows that slander hath cast;
Ah, sweep back the mists that have shrouded his bed,
That the starlight may fall on his bosom at last.

Remem'er the anguish, the sorrow, the grief,
The long years of exile, of darkness and woe;
The swift-fading sunlight, the glory so brief,
And weep o'er the grandeur forsaken and low.

The genius that dazzled, the eagle-like mind,
The passionate heart which still led them astray--
The greatest of earth in its mists wand'ring blind,
The spirit of fire shackled down by the clay.

Oh, think of the age that came on in its night,
And flung down its snow on his greatness o'erthrown;
Wrecked, wrecked on the ocean, no haven in sight,
His bark going down in the tempest alone.

Ah, leave him to slumber, nor, blind in your rage,
Still desecrate ashes which lie in repose;
But stamp a new record on history's page,
That tells of his virtues and numbers his woes.

Let the mosses that cling o'er the waste of his grave
Be types of the tribute which soften his name;
Like the fragrance of blossoms that over him wave,
The thought of his sorrows shall brighten his fame.

The debt should be sacred:— Oh, leave him to rest,
Nor trample in scorn on the prayer-hallowed sod;
The green turf is holy that covers his breast—
Give his faults to the Past— leave his soul to his God.

The above poem formed part of the introduction to "The Rivals," written by the Hon. Jere Clemens, U. S. Senator from Alabama, and published in 1860.

Gleanings from an Old Scrap Book, containing Sketches of Yankee Life and Character.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Aaron Burr, whose homicidal (?) and treasonable (?) deeds have been thrown into the shade by more splendid achievements of the kind in our day, was certainly in advance of the men of his time in his ideas on the capacity and education of women.

There was no namby-pamby sentimentality in his method of training a clever, ambitious girl. He reared his daughter, Theodosia, to be the companion and equal of men of the highest intelligence and the most liberal culture — philosophers and statesmen. In his intense fatherly love and pride, he gave to her development and instruction the most watchful care and patient labor. The result was, I doubt not, all he wished for — a strong, pure, proud, self-poised womanhood, beautiful and gracious. Yet one thing seems to have been lacking to render it quite symmetrical, lovable, and happy — the religious element. If the Edwards faith and spirituality had descended to her with the Edwards will and intellect, she would have been indeed,

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

Her tender, loyal devotion to her father was most admirable. Not her love for her husband, not the joys and hopes, cares and sorrows of maternity, could supersede or weaken it. She was always the daughter.

Theodosia Burr's habits of life were, I have heard my mother say, much like those of Mrs. Kemble. She was a famous walker and skater, and accompanied her father on shooting and fishing excursions. As a horsewoman she was unsurpassed; and, on her visit to her New England friends, sometimes astonished their quiet neighbors by riding over the country, taking walls and ditches in flying leaps. Yet she was, in the best sense of the word feminine and essentially a lady.

The last days of this grand woman were very sad and her fate is even yet wrapped in awful obscurity. It is only known that, when broken in health and almost in heart by the loss of her only child, she embarked from Charleston, to join her unhappy father in New York, on a small sailing-vessel, accompanied only by her physician and a servant. That vessel was never heard of more, and it was supposed that it foundered in a gale off Cape Hatteras. But some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a sailor, dying in a hospital in New Orleans, confessed to having been a pirate; and, among other terrible things, he told of his ship having run down a schooner bound to New York from Charleston, and of having scuttled her after taking possession of everything valuable. The few passengers, he said, and such of the crew as were disinclined to enlist under their black banner, they compelled to "walk the plank." Among the passengers was one lady, who remonstrated against having her hands bound and being blindfolded, promising to make no resistance. So they let her have her way, and she stepped quietly on to the plank, and with her eyes wide open, walked off into the sea. I have always believed that the woman who met her fate in this grand Roman way was the daughter of Aaron Burr, Theodosia Alston.

When Wendell Phillips was a lad, he was walking one day on Broadway, New York, with his father. They met a gentleman who spoke and lifted his hat to the elder Phillips. The lad, on inquiring who the gentleman was, was told that he was Col. Aaron Burr. He showed so great an interest that his father wondered, and the lad said: "Why father, he had such wonderful eyes!" He did not know then much of the life and the genius, the sin and the sorrow of the famous old man, but he felt and never forgot the power of his eyes.

Oh, those wonderful Edwards eyes, full of power, and fate, and predestination! Those keen, eager, passionate eyes — they seem to beam on unquenchably in the memory of all on whom their glance ever fell, even carelessly, or for a moment.

A Family Story of Aaron Burr,

Edited by

Vice Councilor HARRIETTE CLARKE SPRAGUE,
Dowagiac, Mich.

Elizabeth Edwards, second child of Rev. Timothy Edwards, married Col. Jabez Huntington, of Windham, Conn. Their fourth and last child, Jerusha Huntington, was born in 1731. In less than two years the little baby girl lost her mother and was taken into the loving arms and warm hearts of her uncle, Jonathan Edwards, and his beautiful wife, Sarah Pierpont Edwards. They had already three little girls of their own, but room was gladly made for the motherless little one and she became the loving and loved companion and playmate of her cousin Esther, who was a little younger than herself. They were brought up in close companionship until their marriages; Jerusha marrying, in 1751, Dr. John Clarke of Lebanon, Conn., and Esther in 1752, the Rev. Aaron Burr. In Sept., 1757, Mr. Burr died, and in less than a year his broken-hearted wife closed her sad eyes on life, leaving her two orphan children to the care and guardianship of her brother, Timothy Edwards. Jerusha Huntington Clarke, loving her cousin Esther with the love of a sister, transferred much of this love to Esther's children, and the boy Aaron Burr became very fond of his "cousin Jerusha," and never missed an opportunity of seeing her after growing to manhood.

Late in life Dr. Clarke moved from Lebanon, Conn., to Oneida County, New York, and was one of the committee to name the town, now city, of Utica; in fact, he proposed the name which was decided upon. Both he and his wife lived to a very old age and spent the last years of their lives in the family of their son, Erastus Clarke, who moved into the old homestead, which stood in what is now Seneca Street.

Erastus Clarke married Sophia Flint, daughter of Col. Royal Flint, of Hartford, Conn. Col. Flint was Staff Officer during the revolutionary war at Morristown Heights, Valley Forge, and Newburg. At Washington's head-quarters at the last named place, Sophia (Flint) Clarke was born. At that time Col. Flint and Aaron Burr were very dear companions in arms. My parents were married in the summer of 1834, and on their wedding tour visited at the home of their cousins in Utica, where at that time lived a second Erastus Clarke, son of Erastus Clarke, Sr. His mother (then a widow) lived with him, and from her lips my mother heard the story I give below, and often told it to me when I was a child. Some few years later than the visit above referred to, my aunt Grace Greenwood heard from Erastus Clarke the same story, and in an old scrap book I recently came across the story, as told by her, in one of a series of articles published in the "Independent." I am glad to give the story here in her words.

"My grandmother, Jerusha Clarke, was a woman of remarkable force of mind and dignity of character. The granddaughter of the elder Edwards, and the niece of President Edwards, she possessed many of the family traits and a good share of the family abilty. She was said to have a masculine intellect, and the charge did not frighten her. She was an upright, a fearless, somewhat rigid, but thoroughly conscientious woman. At the house of her cousin, the Hon. Timothy Edwards, she saw much of her young relative, Aaron Burr. In every day household intercourse, the two cousins became excellent friends, although so radically unlike, — she a natural theologian, clever, thoughtful, devout; he a natural politician, brilliant and ambitious; she a Puritan, he an Atheist. Yet hers was a large, generous nature; while about him, even in his wild boyhood there was something strangely fascinating and endearing. During my grandmother's quiet domestic later life, she saw little of her famous kinsman, but she followed his career with affectionate interest and never quite lost her faith in him until after the fatal duel with Hamilton. That filled her with horror, and from that time the name of Aaron Burr seldom passed her lips. But when they were both old — she loved and honored in her large family circle; he bereaved, deserted, ruined and disgraced — he once came to visit her. He was attending court in Utica, and, meeting her son Erastus Clarke, who was also a lawyer, accompanied him home. He was received by Mrs. Sophia Flint Clarke, who seated him in a reception room, off of which was my grandmother's sitting room. Mrs. Clarke passed into her mother-in-law's room, accidentally leaving the door open between the rooms. On being told who wished to see her, my grandmother was greatly agitated, her heart was moved with a noble pity and regret, and her first impulse was to go to him. She arose, took a few steps towards the room in which he sat, then paused and said to her daughter-in-law: No I cannot see him, I cannot see him! He was once to me like my own brother. If I see him I must shake hands with him, and I cannot give my hand to a murderer! No considerations of social courtesy, nor entreaties of her daughter-in-law, could move her from this decision, and Mrs. Clarke sadly returned to Mr. Burr, to find him with his face in his hands. As he rose to his feet, she saw the tears were streaming from his eyes. Without a word he turned and passed from the house and from the lives of the dwellers therein. When, as a child, I would hear this story told, I always heard it with a burst of grief over the picture of the sad old man, bereft of all he held dear, turning away from the house to which he had gone with such pleasant anticipations, and going out into the world with his sad heart, where so often the cruel finger of scorn was pointed at him. I think I felt the pity of it more, because I had been told that he and my dear grandfather Clarke resembled each other; and I always thought of Burr as looking like him as he walked out of the house, with sad eyes and aching heart which he carried with him to his grave.

I want no better proof that Aaron Burr was a bitterly maligned man than I find in his journal, edited by Matthew L. Davis and his memoirs written by Davis. The friendships he made with noblemen, as proved by the letters published in these four volumes, show that he could not have been the bad man he has for so many years been represented to be. He endeared such men to him, securing their friendship and love, seemingly for all time.

Perhaps, when Jerusha Clarke met her once loved cousin above, she saw with clearer eyes and met him with the old affection of their youth. The passionate adoration his beautiful daughter had for him is to me another prove that he was greatly wronged; she "would rather not live, than not to be the daughter of such a man."

My Opinion of Aaron Burr.

By Vice Councilor IRA K. MORRIS, *West New Brighton. Staten Island, N. Y.*

There is no character in American history to which I have given so much earnest attention as to that of Colonel Aaron Burr.

When I began work as a journalist, through the advice of an old newspaper friend I adopted a rule to learn all that I could about a critic before I settled down to an investigation of the person he was criticising. I have found it very profitable, as well as a safe guide, all through my journalistic work.

It has helped me very materially in my investigation and estimation of Aaron Burr. It has revealed to me the real motive which led to so much opposition to the man. It has laid bare the causes which developed into hatred, persecution, falsehood, deceit and innumerable other forms of evil doing, which have been practised under the flimsy guise of virtue and patriotism and justice.

Aaron Burr was aggressive, and he hated shams and mockery. He stood in the path of a score or more of professional politicians, who were determined at all hazards to get him out of the way.

Not the least of these were Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, who, at that time, stood before the American people in an idolized form, and who, as we say of some men in our day, were "playing to the galleries" whenever opportunity offered.

Hamilton's hatred and Jefferson's jealousy ripened into the most vicious acts of persecution that ever sought to damn a human being. While the two professed not to be friends, they were working together, with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, to injure Colonel Burr's standing with his countrymen.

Hamilton's jealousy of Burr began when the two were serving on the staff of General Washington, and it cropped out whenever the smallness of his nature got the better of good sense.

Colonel Burr had made his mark as a soldier in the wilderness in advance of Arnold's army, at Quebec, at Valley Forge, at Monmouth, and on the Westchester lines. Hamilton contented himself with doing clerical work in General Washington's office, and hoped that when peace should come to the country he would be in a position to fill some nice fat office, through General Washington's influence.

The country was ringing with Colonel Burr's wonderful exploits and successes, and Hamilton was keen enough to realize that he was a man around whom the people would rally. There is no doubt, to the careful student of history, that the blunder of one of General Washington's orders (?) at Monmouth, in which Burr's brigade was held inactive under fire for a long time, was the result of Hamilton's jealousy.

Aaron Burr made Thomas Jefferson president of the United States by organizing and disciplining the Democratic party, and came within one vote of election to the presidency himself. Jefferson wished to be re-elected and feared Burr as a competitor. Feeling somewhat safe in the reputation he had established through his connection with the Declaration of Independence, he thought the people would not judge him a sinner if he should assume the role of "Stop thief" towards Colonel Burr.

And then, too, Colonel Burr was one of the most successful lawyers in America. He never lost a case that he planned himself. There, you see, he was in Hamilton's way. Hamilton saw in his rival a superior soldier, a superior lawyer and a superior politician. Hence his vindictiveness and persecution.

It is well for those of us now living not to judge men and measures of a century ago by those of our day. Duelling was popular then, and a gentleman was expected to resent an insult by a challenge. Otherwise he would be in disgrace and would be ostracised by society.

Colonel Burr had been insulted repeatedly in the vilest manner by Hamilton and his followers, and there was nothing left for him to do but to send a challenge to a man who insisted upon being his enemy.

Hamilton understood the *code duello*, as well as society's point of view. He knew that he had forced Colonel Burr into a position that compelled him to take the stand he did; and so, after having offered the insult and received the challenge, he did not dare to refuse to fight, for it would have made him a laughing-stock throughout the country. He had always endeavored to deceive himself into underrating Aaron Burr in everything. He did it once too often. The stupid pretense that he did not intend to shoot Burr, as his friends and apologists have always maintained, is unworthy of sane consideration. He hadn't the nerve to perform his part of the compact — that's all.

I believe, however, that if Hamilton had killed Burr in that duel, Burr would have been considered the martyr and Hamilton would have gone to his grave in disgrace. There is something in the "eternal fitness of things," so called, that causes the public mind to forget the *cause* of a personal calamity, and it generally seeks a victim with acute blindness and recklessness. Human nature has not changed very much during the fleeting century, and so history is constantly recording similar cases.

The arrest and trial of Colonel Burr for treason was the culmination of a plot by a coterie of men who were parading before the country in a "holier than thou" role, and it was as much their effort to finally crush the then helpless man, as was the famous charge of Pickett's Virginians to decide the Battle of Gettysburg. Those gentlemen, however, were as happy to reach the end of that trial and go home as was Aaron Burr himself, for they were constantly getting so close to fire themselves that they were in morbid dread of being burnt. That trial was a blot on American history.

In the light of events an impartial perusal of the whole business makes Thomas Jefferson and his co-workers in the scheme appear in rather an unpleasant light. They proved nothing against Aaron Burr, even at a time when the sympathizers and supporters of the Administration, full of feverish hatred of Burr, were having pretty nearly everything their own way. What they then denounced as treason in Aaron Burr, later Administrations have pronounced the very acme of patriotism in others.

Aaron Burr lived to see the great majority of his rivals and persecutors pass away. He saw some of them rise to power and influence in the land, and with borrowed plumes gain bubble reputations that tell the simple story of their once having lived, moved and had their being here. But they had so thoroughly planted the seeds of hatred, falsehood, malice and defamation in connection with the life and services of Aaron Burr, that a horde of willing traducers were left to take their places and perpetuate the black art to their hearts' content.

Histories, school-books, magazines and newspapers have vied with each other in their endeavors to damn the memory of Aaron Burr. His home was invaded, his death-bed was besmirched by journalistic falsehood and misrepresentation, and his silent grave has been desecrated by some who have dipped their pens into the bitterest gall to vent their poisoned spleen. And for what?

It has been a popular fad for more than a century to lie about Aaron Burr. Whenever a penny-a-liner wanted to write something catchy, and to sell the stuff to some sensational newspaper, he invented new slander about this

defenceless human target. Anything that added another coat of blacking to his memory was accepted; the only question being was it black enough to suit the publisher?

I have heard men and women in the pulpit attempt to illustrate the force of some awful crime by repeating what they had heard against Aaron Burr, not stopping for a second to investigate the truth or falsehood of their malicious utterances. I have heard people tell what so-and-so, who knew him personally (?), had told them of Aaron Burr's sins; when, if they had held up a mirror to their own lives, they could have clearly seen that the worst pollution of Aaron Burr's name was to repeat it on their own lips!

I am thankful that it has been my good fortune to know a great deal about Aaron Burr, without being compelled to go to the public with its garbled reports and vicious theories. Aaron Burr and my grandfather, William Konover, of Princeton, were intimate friends for many years, and from my own family I have learned the true story of his life.

The scenes and incidents of his last days, his death and funeral, I have been told about by those who were present, and therefore I know how false and wicked are the numberless stories that have been circulated and fastened in the minds of succeeding generations.

But, I firmly believe that the time will come when Aaron Burr will be thoroughly vindicated by the American people; when falsehood will give place to truth; and when right will rise supremely and eternally above the wrong that has rested so unjustly and so long over his name and memory.

Anonymous.

The author of "The Climax," in the preface of the book, stated that, the story being imaginative, it could not be historically correct. This disclaimer seems to have escaped the attention of the writer of the following letter, which was received by him:—

SIR: In regard to your book, "The Climax," I think that you have no right to take the part of Aaron Burr. He was a criminal, and for your saying that Hamilton's death was not mourned for without (?) the country it is a lie.

Yours, V. E. B.

The illegible postmark indicated that this letter was mailed from Ma—n, Conn.

Why Was Burr Set Aside?

That the office of vice-president has become one of little regard by the statesmen of the country is apparent. It was not always so. The framers of the Constitution did not expect it to be so. Once strong and honored men, whose fitness to be President was recognized by the whole country, were willing to serve in the second office of our political system, regarding the significance of its title. In early days men who were named for vice president were not regarded as out of the running for the higher office ever afterward. *They were right in aspiring, and they were expected to aspire.* The holder of the lesser office was reckoned in line of promotion to the higher. *He was esteemed as the second choice of the party of the administration for the first place.— Boston Herald*, July 28, 1903.

The *Herald's* article was headed "The Vice-President." We have thought the one used by us to be particularly applicable to an affair more than a hundred years old. The italics are our own.

The Grave of Aaron Burr.

By Vice Councilor HENRY F. ASHURST,

Williams, Arizona.

I have just returned West after a month's sojourn in New York. While in the East I made a pilgrimage to the grave of Col. Burr at Princeton, and beg leave to report the following to the officers and members of the Aaron Burr Legion:

The tooth of time is rapidly eroding away the head-stone at the grave, and in addition thereto, a damage, more serious and insidious, is being done to the head-stone. Upon examination of the same, I found it is being chipped and small pieces carried away. Some of the chippings appear to be recent. Without fail, proper precautionary measures should be adopted to see that no one, either admirer or curiosity seeker, damages the stone any further.

I also suggest that a fund, even if only three or four hundred dollars, be raised by the Legion and a new granite or other suitable stone be set in its place; and that the present one be removed and always preserved by the Legion, for it is dedicated, by sentiment, to all of Burr's devotees, as it was placed there by some of his unknown admirers. This matter of vandalism to the stone should, and I trust will receive the early attention of the Legion at its first business meeting.

Standing, with uncovered head, at the grave of the gallant soldier of the Revolution, I longed to see the day when his life will be estimated by his best and not by his worst qualities. All of the mighty dead, the Saintly Master of the Palestine alone excepted, would fare ill from the historian's pen, if judged as Burr has been judged, that is, by their foibles and faults.

Standing there in pensive thought I saw, in fancy, our hero a youth of twenty in the awful march through Canada and the Christmas storming of Quebec; I saw him with Napoleonic rigor and leonine courage command the Westchester lines at the age of twenty-two; I remembered him, the leader of the New York bar, filling the great offices of Attorney General of New York, United States Senator, and Vice President, with conspicuous ability and rare devotion to duty; I saw him the most gentlemanly gentleman of his day, princely, and in person incomparable, but never indulging in obsequious adulation, as did his great and brilliant contemporary; I saw him, with a wisdom rarely equalled and never excelled, instill into the mind of his lovely daughter all of the attributes that adorn and embellish a lady, and

I saw her pure womanhood reward his solicitude for her with filial devotion, deathless love and beautiful fidelity.

Burr presided over the Senate during the impeachment proceedings — the trial of Judge Chase — and proved himself as first of the men who have held that position. A few months after leaving the Senate Chamber his sorrows began, and they came, not as single soldiers, but as legions; and through them all he was always brave, brilliant, and amiable.

Within two years after his eloquent valedictory to the Senate, which moved his auditors to tears, by an enigma of destiny, an incredible caprice of chance, he, himself, was composedly exercising his shining legal talents as the accused — the grand central figure in the most stupendous trial that ever occurred on the American Continent. Persecuted by politicians he had out-distanced, envied by rivals whose defects and failures were rendered more glaring by his successes, he was thrice acquitted by a legal jury of his peers for the same alleged offence.

Pasquinaded by prejudiced newspapers, overwhelmed by a cataclysm of feculent public opinion, he remained silent, too proud to retract or explain, conscious that he had violated no law. By his silence through it all he displayed a dignity, a patience, and nobleness of soul beyond the comprehension, and therefore, beyond the imitation of his traducers.

I lovingly laid a floral tribute upon his lonely grave and came away repeating:

"O for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun."

The Meeting at Newark.

The annual meeting of the Aaron Burr Legion was held July 14, 1903, at the city of Newark, N. J., the birthplace of Aaron Burr.

Col. Aaron Burr was born in 1756, and the principal object of the meeting was to commemorate in a fitting manner the one hundred forty-seventh anniversary of his birth.

Commodious and pleasant accommodations were provided by the New Continental Hotel for the reception of the members and the holding of the meeting. The time of year being that when so many are on their vacations, numerous letters of regret for non-attendance were received. They evinced a sincere desire to aid in the work of the organization and expressed hearty enthusiasm for the cause.

The gathering was honored by the presence of many distinguished men. The usual order was adhered to. After the reports of the Councilor in-Chief, the Treasurer-in-Chief and the Recorder-in-Chief had been presented, the letters above referred to were read; they were followed by the delivery of addresses and the reading of poems prepared for the occasion, which were received with great favor.

At the business meeting changes were made in the Plan of Organization, providing for the appointment of additional Vice Councilors and for the admission of Associate Members.

A number of the Legion visited the Presbyterian church on Broad street, near Market, where the Reverend Aaron Burr, father of Colonel Aaron Burr, was pastor for a number of years prior to taking the presidency of Princeton College. The sexton stated that the church has not been materially changed as to its inward and outward appearance during the past century.

On July fifteenth a pilgrimage was made to Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., to visit the room in which Colonel Burr died. At the time of his death the building in which it occurred was called Winant's Hotel; since that time it has been called, successively, the Continental, the St. James, and Danner's, the latter being the name by which it is now known.

Mr. Louis Danner, the present owner aud proprietor, received his guests in the most courteous manner and offered them every facility for inspecting the building.

The room in which Colonel Burr died is in a fine state of preservation. The Legion will place copies of books relating to Colonel Burr in the room, will hang portraits of him and of his daughter Theodosia, and put appropriate tablets upon the building.

A visit was also made to the parlors where the funeral services were held sixty-seven years ago.

It was the general sentiment of those present that Port Richmond should be selected for the next Annual Meeting of the Legion.

From One of the Fair-minded.

The Aaron Burr Legion is certainly a brave company, and at its meeting at Newark this week, to celebrate Burr's birthday, there was no lack of enthusiasm. In the earlier days of my mundane existence I read a good deal about Burr, and I am convinced that he was not anywhere near the monster that he was pictured. My friend, Mr. Edward Denham, of New Bedford, is very active in the Legion. He leads a double life (runs a factory by day and does a heap of historical research nights).

— *Boston Home Journal, July 15, 1903.*

From a Grand Army Veteran.

Washington, D. C., July 25, 1903.

Correspondent-in-Chief,
AARON BURR LEGION.

DEAR SIR:—I saw a notice of the meeting of the friends of Col. Aaron Burr, held at Newark on the 14th of July. I have seen no mention of the result of that meeting. Can you send me some papers with an account of same? I am an ardent admirer of great Aaron Burr, and everything in regard to him is of peculiar interest to me. I have read and re-read your "Blennerhassett" and commend it to friends. Favorable sentiment is rapidly growing in Burr's favor, and future history will do him justice. He was a wonderful man.

Very respectfully,
HIRAM BUCKINGHAM.

Theodosia

Aaron Burr to His Daughter Theodosia.

Beloved child, no more to share
An earthly father's tender care,
You fly above with wingéd feet
And kneel before the Judgment seat.

Your earthly record in the Book
An angel scans with pleaséd look,
And to the Judge's eager sight
Presents a page, unsullied, white.

No time to pass in penitence
Or its required recompense.
Through azure seas with stars bedight
Once more you take your angel flight.

You find a place of perfect bliss,
A world much better, yet like this,
In which those beings who below
No physical delights did know,

He find those joys, so long concealed,
To their ecstatic gaze revealed;
And those who pleasure sought, but failed,
Here find their senses all regaled.

Not long you stay, but onward fly,
Your soul a higher field would try;
And spiritual and mental joy
Your every moment now employ.

There's nothing lost in life, you find;
The mental work of man confined
In one vast library appears,
The fruitage of six thousand years.

You onward fly, the spark divine
In higher sphere is formed to shine,
'Til thou perfection's Heaven dost see;
Thou'rt safe at last, but lost to me.

C. F. P.

The Aaron Burr Legion.

The first meeting of the Aaron Burr Legion will be held at Newark, N. J., on Tuesday next. The Legion is organized for the purpose of "rehabilitating the memory of Colonel Burr in the minds of his countrymen."

The task will prove a very difficult one, for Burr has been written down as a traitor for nearly a hundred years; practically all the historians of this country deal with him as such, and in the popular mind he is classed with Benedict Arnold as one of the blackest characters of the country. The truth about Burr is known to the very few who have made a special study of his remarkable career. They seem to agree that he was, in many ways, a very lovable character, and he was certainly one of the greatest orators and most brilliant lawyers of his time, a politician of rare skill, a sincere patriot, and a gallant and successful soldier in the Revolution. In some respects his moral character was loose, though perhaps his conduct was no more irregular than that of many who stand high on the roll of the nation's great men; he was uniformly careless though not dishonest in his financial transactions, was commonly in debt. In early manhood he rushed to arms in aid of the struggling colonies. He accompanied Arnold's expedition to Quebec, distinguished himself in the preliminary campaign amid the horrors of the wilderness, took part in the assault, was marching by the side of General Montgomery when

the latter was killed, and when the colonial troops became demoralized and threw the victory away, little Burr bore from the field the dead body of his beloved general. At Monmouth Burr commanded a brigade; subsequently he proved to be one of Washington's most valuable aids, and in the winter of 1779-80 he was in charge of "the debatable ground" of Westchester. After the war he turned his attention to politics and the law. He served in the assembly, as attorney-general of the state, and as a Senator of the United States, and in 1800 received as many votes as Jefferson for President of the country. The election was thrown into Congress, Jefferson being elected to the presidency and Burr to the vice-presidency. Political developments were such that Burr's re-election seemed unlikely and he ran for governor of New York. Hamilton, who had pursued him with great vindictiveness, throughout his entire career, sprang forward to defeat him and, emboldened by former immunity, increased the bitterness and unscrupulousness of the attack. Burr was beaten in the election, and considering himself the victim of innumerable wrongs through a long series of years, sought an explanation from his rival. Hamilton was evasive and finally a challenge was sent and accepted and in the duel which was fought on July 11, 1804, Hamilton fell, mortally wounded. Both before and after the duel, there was nothing censurable in Burr's conduct, when measured by the standards of the times in which he lived, but the death of Hamilton created a tremendous popular upheaval and completed the ruin of Burr as a politician and a leader of the New York bar.

In search of a career he turned his attention to the Southwest, purchased lands on the banks of the Washita, a tributary of the Red river, and organized an expedition to go down the Mississippi river and settle them. At this time the Western country was wild for war with Spain over Mexico, and Burr undoubtedly wanted to be near the frontier, ready to take a large part in the contest. He thought of leading an army into Mexico himself and of doing something to free the Mexicans from Spanish tyranny, and as his ambition was always large, he may have dreamed of establishing himself there as dictator; but if we may believe in his own statements and those of his associates, he never contemplated an act hostile to his country and based his Mexican projects upon the distinct understanding that nothing should be ventured until war between the United States and Spain had been formally declared.

While on his way down the Mississippi he was arrested by the authorities of the United States and though he was acquitted on every charge brought against him, he saw the futility of the further prosecution of his designs; accordingly he turned the trifling amount of property in the expedition over to his followers, less than a hundred in number, and struck across the country. He was arrested in Alabama, however, and was taken to Richmond, where he was indicted on two charges, treason in levying war against the United States and misdemeanor for organizing a hostile expedition against a foreign country with which the United States was at peace.

The trial was one of the most remarkable in the history of this country. Some of the ablest lawyers in the United States appeared and John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States, presided. The whole power of Jefferson's administration was exerted to bring about a conviction; General Wilkinson, commander of the army, formerly Burr's friend but now a perjurer and forger and his bitterest opponent, was directing the prosecution, and seeking to cover his own villainies by convicting Burr, and the vindictive and unscrupulous District Attorney of the United States had in his pocket a bundle of pardons signed by Jefferson in blank with which he hoped to secure the necessary witnesses. And yet, in spite of all, Burr was triumphantly acquitted on both charges! And notwithstanding the acquittal, he has been denounced as a traitor for nearly a century!

The persecutions of Jefferson increased rather than diminished Burr's desire to assist in freeing Mexico from Spanish domination and in 1808 he went to Europe, hoping to enlist foreign governments in the project. In this he failed, and after an absence of four years returned to New York city and resumed the practice of law. Here his struggles were pathetic; he was deeply involved financially, he was ostracised by society, many men who were indebted to him became his enemies, and to crush him utterly came the death of his grandson, followed by the tragic death at sea of his beloved daughter Theodosia, who was on her way to comfort her father in his troubles and receive his help and his sympathy in her own distress. Burr lingered on for many years, finally dying on Sept. 14, 1836, in his 81st year.

It is well that the Aaron Burr Legion has been organized and it is to be hoped that its efforts to modify the prevailing opinion of his life and character will succeed. He had his faults, like other men; but he rendered important services to his country in trying times, and he was not a traitor in deed or thought.—*The Post Express, Rochester, N. Y., July 10, 1903,*

The Keystone to the Truth.

The name of Aaron Burr is that of an American citizen who lived in the formulative period of the Republic, and came very near reaching the highest office in the nation.

That he was a great man there is no doubt, and an organization has been effected called the "Aaron Burr Legion" to place a knowledge of his character and public services before the American people in the light his friends see it.

We cannot too highly commend the work of the Legion. The American people have heard so much in disparagement of Colonel Burr that it is only just and right that a proper defence should be made in his behalf. He was a man of unquestioned abilities and talents, and we respect those who find what was good and noble in his character for giving it to the people, so that a righteous estimate may be made of the man from all view points.

—*Sentinel, Easton, Pa., July 14, 1903.*

A Plea.

By Vice Councilor, JOHN H. FARRELL, *Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

O, men of conscience, men of state,
Why stand aloof, or hesitate?
A wrong was done, continued in,
Do you condemn or praise the sin?

The fact is plain, the plea is just.
Are you concerned? You will, I trust,
Defeat the hope of lies and hate
To cancel honors truly great.

'Tis not your mercy, I ask more,
In justice do his name restore;
One who with face unmoved would greet
The news of victory or defeat.

As one who served his country's call,
Was Aaron Burr, well known to all!
Then why should he, his spurs well earned,
As "traitor" to his land be spurned?

Let ev'ry one, by truth impressed,
From East to West 'gainst wrong protest;
From North to South denounce the shame,
And hurl it back from whence it came.

His heart was good, his mind was great,
In love and war won high estate;
And like his peer in love and war,
Strained every nerve till goal he saw.

He was the same as those he met —
As prone to passion and regret;
A friend of those who friends would be,—
He scorned a secret enemy.

Because the courage of his life
Dethroned his enemy in strife,
It does not prove his heart or mind
Were blacker than those of his kind!

'Tis time to blot out and erase!
Upon the page of history place
His name, as fitting there for praise
As any statesman's of his days.

Belated Justice!

A movement is on foot to render belated justice to the memory of Aaron Burr, and the "Aaron Burr Legion" has been formed, with headquarters in Boston, with the avowed object of "rehabilitating Burr's reputation."

For our part, we must say, that while we have not given much thought to the subject of the reported "movement," and are not as well informed regarding the career of the once "famous statesman" as we might have been if our time had not been occupied with watching the antics of some more recent persons in the same calling, we are still disposed to regard the movement with favor. Its headquarters are in Boston and that goes far to commend it. If the Bostonians think that an injustice has been done to the character and reputation of Mr. Burr all these years, there must be good

grounds for their opinion. His story has not been told by his friends, certainly. And if his numerous biographers and critics have been led to traduce or misrepresent him by reason of partisan or other prejudices, it is only fair and right that their work should be overhauled by more honest and impartial men, even at this late day. Dreyfus would have been damned to everlasting infamy if his reputation had been left in the hands of his accusers. The truth saved him and made his accusers infamous instead.

We have heard one side of Burr's case, all these years, with only a few protests and appeals in his favor. It is but right and just that he should have a rehearing at least. Good may come of it; no harm possibly can. The movement to command a rehearing for him should meet with nothing but favor in our justice loving nation. We cannot accept the verdict of past generations regarding any statesman, or any public man, when it is challenged for cause. In the South, especially, we have had to revise, materially, of late, the decided opinion we had of quite a number of eminent Americans—including some "famous statesmen"—only a few years ago. It may be that we have erred as badly, or worse, regarding Mr. Burr. Let him have a dispassionate rehearing by all means.—*News and Courier, Charleston, S. C., July 20, 1903.*

The Haunted House (?) at Cranberry, N. J.

Fervid Imagination vs. Cold Fact.

To the Editor of the BOSTON TRANSCRIPT:

Several weeks ago an article appeared in a New York paper, calling attention to the alleged fact that when Col. Aaron Burr, after the duel with Gen. Hamilton, fled from New York City, he took refuge in a house in Cranberry, New Jersey, owned and occupied by Commodore Truxton.

The story went on to say that Col. Burr remained in this house for a period of three weeks, in order to avoid his pursuers, and that during this time he occupied a room in a remote portion of the great house, which was reached by means of a secret panel. The story also stated that like the Man in the Iron Mask, he went out walking late in the evening and that after he left the house, ill-luck befell all those who became inhabitants of it. In other words, that Col. Burr was such a "Hoodoo" that he left a blight upon an entire house, although he occupied but a single room.

It seems almost a pity to destroy so weird and interesting a romance, but a Life of Aaron Burr, by the late James Parton, seems to do this effectually, and Mr. Parton's statements can be corroborated from other sources.

I would like to call attention to the following extracts from pages 14, 15, 16 and 18, of Vol. II., of Parton's life of Burr:

Colonel Burr remained at or near Richmond Hill for eleven days after the duel. He was wholly unprepared for the excitement that arose.

"I propose leaving town for a few days, and meditate also a journey of some weeks, but whither is not resolved."

On Saturday evening (July 21st), a barge lay off a little wharf behind Richmond Hill. At ten o'clock, Burr, surrounded by a party of his friends, left his residence, and walked down to the river. The barge came alongside, when Burr, accompanied by his unswerving friend Swartwout, and a favorite servant, stepped on board. The boat was immediately pushed off, and its prow turned down the river. All the night the bargemen plied their oars, while Burr and his companion lay in the stern, and, at intervals, slept. By nine o'clock on Sunday morning the boat was opposite the lawn of Commodore Truxton's residence at Perth Amboy, in New Jersey. What occurred there was related by the gallant commodore himself in a letter, which was published in the Evening Post a few days after.

The following is an extract from Commodore Truxton's letter:

"After breakfast, Mr. Swartwout returned to New York, and the Vice-President asked me if horses were to be procured to take him on his journey further southward. Not believing, as it was Sunday (and as I was afterward informed), that he could be accommodated with convenience in this respect, I told him so, and that he must content himself where he was. On Monday morning, however, I ordered up my own horses and carriage, and took him to Cranberry, about twenty miles from this place, where he hired a carriage and horses to proceed with him to the Delaware, and I returned home."

"From Cranberry, Colonel Burr was conveyed in a light wagon to the ferry at Bristol, whence he crossed into Pennsylvania, and so, by back roads, made his way, *incog.*, to Philadelphia. News traveled slowly at that day. At a tavern in Pennsylvania, the landlord, who knew the fugitive, accosted him by name, but was immediately silenced, and put on his guard. Burr found that the duel, which had been fought thirteen days before, had not yet been heard of in the village."

As Col. Burr left Richmond Hill on Saturday evening, July 21st, 1804, reached Commodore Truxton's house on Sunday morning, July 22d, started for Cranberry, New Jersey, which he reached on July 23d, crossing the same day the ferry at Bristol, and entering Pennsylvania on the 24th of July, and reached a village in Pennsylvania, where he was recognized by the landlord of a tavern on July 24th, or thirteen days after the duel, it would seem to require a most credulous mind to believe the story that he remained three weeks in hiding in Commodore Truxton's house at Cranberry, New Jersey; especially when the fact is recalled that Commodore Truxton did not live at Cranberry, New Jersey, but resided at Perth Amboy.

The only satisfaction that the honest student of history has, is that Truth is mighty and will eventually prevail.

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum:

Correspondent-in-Chief,
AARON BURR LEGION.

Who was Aaron Burr?

By Vice Councilor ALEXANDER WILDER, *Newark, New Jersey.*

[Recommended as a Text Book in the Public Schools of America.]

A century ago, Aaron Burr was one of the most prominent among the public men of New York. He had served creditably in the Revolutionary War, and he was now conspicuous as a political leader. He had held civil offices, representing his fellow-citizens in the Legislature of New York and in the National Senate, and the Presidency itself had been within his reach. There appeared to be every reason to expect that he would have a long career in public life. He was richly endowed with executive ability; he possessed rare courage; he was captivating in his manners, fertile in resources, and persistent in his aims. Then, however, there came many and sad reverses; some of them sequences of his own errors, but others from the contingencies of the times and the machinations of jealous and treacherous enemies. He bravely and even stolidly endured misfortune, striving against it heroically; till eventually, like a meteor which had exhibited most brilliant coruscations, he finally disappeared from public view. A brief survey of his career will be appropriate at the present time.

Aaron Burr was born in Newark, New Jersey, on the 6th of February, 1756. For an individual, even in a country of political equality, it is fortunate to be well descended, and in this respect he certainly was fortunate. His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were clergymen of repute in early New England, distinguished for energy and superior mental endowment. His father, the Rev. Aaron Burr, was the first president of Princeton College. The next president was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Mrs. Burr's father, widely celebrated as a zealous preacher, an acute metaphysician, and a profound theologian. Both the father and grandfather died within three years after his birth. Young Burr and his sister, thus early orphaned, were cared for by their uncle, the Rev. Timothy Edwards, of Elizabethtown. The training was that of a rigid Calvinistic guardian, and the boy received many a severe whipping for his pranks. He was a precocious student and had inherited richly the mental and other qualities of the mother's family. When eleven years old he was ready to enter college, and did so two years later, with the rank of sophomore but with the acquirements of a junior, graduating at the age of sixteen.

The preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield, supplemented by the theology of president Edwards, had introduced new conceptions of religion and religious experience. Revivals became a feature of the religious life. There was one at Princeton while Burr was a student. His attention was naturally aroused, but he was repelled by the wild enthusiasm and the vivid delineations of the fate of reprobate sinners. He consulted Dr. Witherspoon, the President of the College, who assured him that such excitement was not genuinely religious.

At that period attendants at College were usually expected to enter the ministry. Burr became a student at the house of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy, in Bethlehem, Connecticut. He did not remain long, for he would not accept the current religious beliefs.

This was in 1774, when he was but a youth of eighteen. He had the reputation of a gay, handsome, honorable, rollicking young man, high-spirited, fond of girls, an intelligent reader, and an independent thinker.

An analogy to this existed in the case of President John Adams. He had been placed in Harvard College with similar intentions on the part of his father; but refusing to subscribe to the "Platform," was obliged to abandon the notion, and so engaged in the study and vocation of law.

Young Burr soon found opportunity. The War of the Revolution began in 1775, and he joined the army at Boston directly after the battle of Bunker Hill. He accompanied the expedition of General Arnold to Canada, and proved himself a very Spartan in endurance. He was sent with a message to General Montgomery, who immediately appointed him an aide. He was at the side of his chief when the sound was discharged which decided the fate of Canada. Burr took the body of the General upon his shoulders to carry it to camp. The Rev. Samuel Spring, the chaplain of the army, was a witness of his integrity and from that time never wavered in his esteem and admiration for the brave young man. But the danger of capture compelled Burr to drop his burden before reaching the camp, and to look out for his own safety.

For a time he held a place in the military family of General Washington, in New York. The duties, however, consisted chiefly of writing letters and general orders, while Burr craved active service. He was impatient with the General's temper and apparent irresolution, so diametrically in contrast with his own ardent disposition. Opportunity offering, he abruptly quitted the headquarters and became an aide to General Putnam.

In July, 1777, Burr, now twenty-one, received the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and was placed in command of a regiment stationed at Ramapo, New York. He soon showed himself a strict disciplinarian, weeding out insufficient officers and at the same time careful for the health and comfort of the soldiers. He captured a foraging party of the enemy that had come out as far as Hackensack, and the story is current that on this occasion he first met with Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, the widow of a British officer, to whom in turn he became himself a captive.

The following winter was spent in camp at Valley Forge. It was the occasion for intrigue in Congress, and among officers of the army. It is affirmed that Burr was in sympathy with the movement to place General Gates in chief command. Gates wore the laurels for the capture of General Burgoyne, while Washington had lost Philadelphia, and experienced little else than disaster. But Burr was too low in rank to take part in such a matter, and he lost no prestige. At the Battle of Monmouth he

commanded a brigade under Lord Stirling and acquitted himself honorably. He was afterward stationed at West Point, but the next winter General Washington placed him in charge of "the lines" in Westchester County, describing the duties as requiring prudence, activity and bravery. The region was known as the "Central Grand," and was inhabited chiefly by Loyalists. It was plundered indiscriminately, however, by robbers of both parties, American soldiers as well as others. Burr made a list of the names of the inhabitants, and established a strict administration. He set posts in every direction, and succeeded in keeping the enemy in check and bringing order and discipline into his own command. He righted every complaint, even compelling his own soldiers to restore whatever booty they took. He refused to accept presents, and paid with his own money for everything he received.

Finally, his health gave way, and he resigned his commission. No successor was found who was able to follow out his plans, and protect the inhabitants. He was inflexible in the performance of duty, but there was not a soldier or other person who had come in contact with him, who afterward spoke evil of him, or was not his friend.

Burr was constant in his friendships and unwavering in gratitude. When his mother died, the Shippens gave him a home for a season and their daughter Margaret was to him as a sister. During his service in Westchester County he had twice crossed the Hudson to visit Mrs. Prevost, and it so happened that after he had finally resigned his commission, he was at her house, "The Hermitage," when the plot of General Arnold came to light. He swerved not in fidelity to Mrs. Arnold, keeping secret the part which she had played in the matter, and how she had artfully deceived Washington, Hamilton and others.

He now engaged in the study of law, at Albany, and was admitted to practice in 1782, first as an attorney in January and then as counsellor in April. He then, to the surprise of his friends, was married to Mrs. Prevost in July. They had expected him to wed a young woman of the Livingston family, a lady of his own age, who would have assured him prestige and abundant opportunity to realize every ambition, social and political. But he risked their displeasure. His bride was a widow, ten years older than himself, and neither beautiful nor wealthy. He preferred a marriage of affection to one of policy. For twelve years the two lived the life of lovers, and when she died the bereaved man concentrated his affection upon their daughter with the ardor of idolatry.

When the British army had gone, Burr made his home in New York. He soon gained an extensive practice and purchased the house, "Richmond Hill," where he had served as aide to General Washington.

During the earlier years of his conjugal life, Burr refrained from activity in political contests. It was hardly known which side he favored. He opposed the election of General Clinton as Governor in 1789, yet the latter made him attorney-general. Two years later, when there was a Federal majority in both branches of the Legislature of New York, he was elected to the Senate of the United States in place of General Schuyler. His marriage had estranged the Livingstons from him and now he incurred the animosity of Alexander Hamilton.

Burr projected the writing of a history of the American Revolution. He obtained permission from Mr. Jefferson to copy documents in the office of the Secretary of State, but the President forbade this, and he gave up his purpose, indignant at the arbitrary interference.

Of his career in the Senate, little has transpired. The sessions were always held with closed doors, but the presiding officer, Mr. John Adams, took note of his temper and ability, and when war was declared against France in the next administration, President Adams proposed to appoint him a brigadier-general, but his purpose was defeated through an artifice of Hamilton.

It is said that Washington himself doubted Burr's integrity. It may be added that he also doubted the integrity of Chancellor Livingston (who afterward negotiated the purchase of Louisiana) as well as that of other prominent New Yorkers of eminent character. They were all men whom Hamilton disliked; besides, it was a policy for long years afterwards to keep Virginians at the head of affairs and to sacrifice their rivals ruthlessly.

With his experience in the Senate, Burr now appeared in the arena as a political manager. His wife was dead and the influence of his home no longer served to restrain other ambitions. The treatment which he received from the Federal leaders aroused in him the purpose to displace them. The election of 1796 showed that the Southern States were Republican, and the Northern, Federal. What was required was to wrest the control of the Legislature of New York from the party in power. Burr set himself to the task of organization. We see, as monuments of his achievements, the Manhattan Bank and Tammany Hall. He had obtained an election to the Legislature, and availed himself of the opportunity to make friends of the members from other counties. When the time came in 1800 he procured the nomination of the leading Republican citizens of the Metropolis for members of the Assembly, which was to choose the presidential electors. He was successful and New York was placed in the Republican column. In return the electoral colleges gave him their vote for President, together with Mr. Jefferson. It remained for the House of Representatives to make the final election. Burr had but to say the word and the choice would have fallen upon him. But knowing that the voters had meant to elect Mr. Jefferson, he would not encourage the step, and finally Mr. Jefferson was elected.

Burr soon began to experience the fate of a man who had not taken advantage of opportunity. The President treated him coldly, and in New York the Clintons and Livingstons were now his adversaries. His friends, Washington Irving and his brother Pierre, supported him faithfully, but were unable to stem the tide. Few worship the setting sun, however brilliant.

Of the duel with General Hamilton it is not necessary to say much. It was the culmination of thirteen years of persistent enmity, and duelling was no uncommon resort to settle quarrels.

The Southwestern enterprise, for which he was arrested and accused of treason, was only a project for keeping with the spirit of the times, and has since been carried into effect by the arms of the nation. After his acquittal, Burr went to Europe to obtain assistance in the same project. Finding this impracticable, he applied to the American Minister at Paris for a passport. This was General Armstrong, the author of "Newburg Letters." Instead of a prompt compliance, he was sent from one official person to another, on all manner of frivolous pretexts. His correspondence had also been held back, and a letter from his daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Alston, was twenty-three months reaching him. He learned from it that the Administration at Washington had prompted the treatment which he was receiving. When, finally, he obtained his passport and set out for America, the ship was captured by a British vessel, and six months more passed before he was able to make his way to America.

Now came the real sorrows of his life, those which rend and wither the soul. A letter from General Alston, his son-in-law, told of the death of his only grandson. He attempted to console the mother, but her grief was too deep. Then she set out to join him in New York. Day after day the father kept up his watch at the shore. The vessel never came. There had been a storm off the Carolinas, and the ship was old and frail. There were also pirates, and many writers of ficton have given accounts of the murder of Theodosia Alston. "I know that she is dead," the father finally declared, "no power but death could keep her from me."

Yet his countenance did not reveal his grief. It was his ruling maxim to accept the inevitable without repining. But life had lost its charm. He felt himself separated from the human race. With this great loss there was also another misfortune. Not only had his daughter been torn from him, but with her was lost a package of documents in which was evidence explaining his purposes, exculpating him from accusations and revealing the falsehood and malignity which had been employed against him.

But Burr did not sink into misanthropy. He remembered gratefully those who had been his faithful friends. Luther Martin, once the head of the bar, his counsel at Richmond in 1805, when accused of treason, had become poor through drink and extravagance. Burr gave him a home in his house till his death in 1826. A relative of Dr. Hosack, in similar conditions, was also entertained by him. Burr was reproached for receiving men of such bad habits as his friends and guests. He only replied: "They were always white to me."

It has been a common scandal to accuse him of ill-behavior with women. We may attempt to meet this imputation by showing that it was like duelling, a misconduct common with public men of that period, and that Burr was no worse than others. It is true that he left letters behind him, which in the hands of vulgar and coarse-minded readers, could be construed to compromise the writers. We have no disposition to extenuate this, except to explain that he was vain of his powers to attract women. There are many who indulge a similar disposition, yet are culpable to no farther extent, and Burr is entitled to like candor of judgment. Judge Ogden Edwards, who knew him well, denies unqualifiedly the imputation of profligacy. Burr was certainly a devoted husband, domestic in his habits of life, and his deportment was kind and gentle to all. He had none of the ways of a hardened and unscrupulous man. He befriended many, and did what lay in his power to make their lives useful and successful. We may ascribe to him the inception of the later Jacksonian Democratic party, which superseded the Republican party of Jefferson. As early as 1815 he suggested a terminating of the predominance of the "Virginia Junta," by the nomination of Andrew Jackson for President. He sympathized warmly with the Spanish-American patriots in their struggles for independence, and when the revolution broke out in Texas, he declared it had been his project, only he had been thirty years too soon. "It was called treason then," he remarked, "it is patriotism now."

His last days were in keeping with what his life had been. He was taken with paralysis and a lady whose father, a British officer, had once been befriended by him, now cared for him. It was finally necessary to remove him to Port Richmond. What was needed for him was abundantly provided. He was visited by clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt and Dr. Spring. He conversed freely with them, and asked them for their prayers and kind offices. The last of these visits was on the 14th of September, 1836. The clergymen departed and Burr sank into a quiet slumber. Two hours later he had ceased to breathe.

His funeral took place at Princeton, the faculty and students taking part in rendering honors to their distinguished alumnus. The coffin, as he had requested, was placed at the foot of the graves of his father and grandfather, Presidents Burr and Edwards. However wayward their gifted descendant may have been, there was something touching and impressing in this reposing of his body at their feet.

Aaron Burr has received hard measure from many of his countrymen. He has been defamed in conversation, calumniated in books, and described to children in the schoolroom as an assassin and traitor who attempted the ruin of his country. It has been overlooked that he had only the faults common to the men of the period, and that not a scintilla of evidence was ever produced to justify what had been alleged. His real character was wholly unlike what has been so assiduously represented. Left an orphan in his tender infancy, his first act after engaging in professional pursuits was to set up a home, and in it he was always an exemplary and affectionate husband, father and master. He was a faithful friend and never forgot a kindness. He was long patient of injuries and

never stooped to refute a calumny. In public service he was never remiss in performance of duty. He possessed administrative talent beyond others, and was able in affairs, patient in endeavor, and unselfish in personal aims. Few were capable or even willing to do so much, to do it so ably and well. A new century has begun; let its one great achievement be the awarding of just honors to the name of Aaron Burr.

Clears Aaron Burr of Girl's Ruin.

Princeton Librarian Explodes an Ancient Myth.

Catharine Bullock, whose grave is in a corner of the College Campus, was long said to have died of grief after Aaron Burr had ruined her on a wager.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 24. — A communication in *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* this morning by V. Lansing Collins, reference librarian of the university, accounts for the presence of the solitary grave of Catharine Bullock at the southeastern corner of the college campus, and also clears Aaron Burr's name of one of the worst stigmas that has been attached to it. The story was that Aaron Burr on a wager deliberately ruined Miss Bullock, then 21 years old; that the young woman died a year later of grief and that she was buried at her own request on the spot where her life was blasted. This story has been handed down for years as the explanation of the grave, and has spread all over the country.

Recently the hedge hiding the grave was removed, and now the old tombstone, badly disfigured, appears just above the shrubbery. The following inscription is on the stone:

"The remains of Catharine Bullock, daughter of Esther and Joseph Bullock of Philadelphia, who, after a tedious illness, which she suffered with exemplary resignation, died June 7, 1774. Age, 22 years."

Mr. Collins says:

It was my good fortune to receive the facts almost at first hand last summer from a member of the family, and as few Princeton men can fail to know the tradition in one shape or another, it may be well to clear Aaron Burr of at least one gratuitous libel and — of far greater importance — to free the name of an innocent girl from a dastardly slander.

Catharine Bullock was the daughter of Esther (Baynton) and Joseph Bullock of Philadelphia. She was a consumptive, and as the climate of Princeton seemed to be less taxing on her strength than that of Philadelphia, she was accustomed from her childhood to spend most of her time at Prospect visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Morgan, a sister of Mrs. Bullock. Col. George Morgan of Revolutionary fame was the owner of Prospect, which at that time was one of the model farms of the country. The climate here could not, however, save Miss Bullock and after a long illness, she died at Prospect in June, 1794, and was buried beside Col. Morgan's own little daughter in the Morgan private burial ground. This burial ground contained the remains of several of Col. Morgan's children and grandchildren and a complete list of the graves is still in existence. When Washington Street was cut through some decades ago a quantity of bones was turned up, although most of the graves had long before disappeared. Catharine Bullock's, however, remained marked and unharmed. The above is the family record of this now isolated grave. It was given to me by Mrs. Lavinia Morgan Drum of Bethesda, Md., who had it verbally from her grandmother, the wife of Dr. John Morgan, the Colonel's eldest son and a contemporary of the event. This version is furthermore backed by family documents.

As to the Burr element in the tradition, it may be added that Aaron Burr never was at Prospect during Col. Morgan's ownership; he did not meet the Colonel until he saw him at Morganza in after years. These facts may be gathered from the printed testimony at Burr's trial for treason. He therefore could have had no relations with Miss Bullock at Prospect, and it was at Prospect only that he could have met her during the last year of her life. It must not be forgotten, too, that in the year 1793–4, Burr was at the zenith of his legal career and domestic happiness at Richmond Hill. Further, had there been any foundation whatsoever for the tradition which makes him responsible for Miss Bullock's untimely end, or had there been the slightest whisper of scandal connecting his name with hers, Burr would never have received the cordial welcome he did receive at Morganza from Col. George and Dr. John Morgan. Both of these men were brought up under the duelling code, and both must have known the true circumstances surrounding their kinswoman's death.

—*New York Sun, Jan. 26, 1902.*

The Much Abused Burr.

His private character was probably much better than that of Hamilton, who got his political principles from one side of the Straits of Dover and his morals from the other.

—*News, Charleston, S. C., August 9, 1903.*

True Words from the West.

Burr was certainly no more responsible for the death of Hamilton than was Hamilton himself. The duel was a recognized institution in their day, and when Hamilton accepted Burr's challenge, he set out to do what Burr actually did. Had Burr not killed Hamilton, Hamilton would have killed Burr, and the affair would probably have figured in history merely as an "unfortunate occurrence."

—*Free Press, Detroit, Mich, July 16, 1903.*

Aaron Burr is the most calumniated and misunderstood of Americans. He lived a hundred years before his time. He believed that the twentieth century would rehabilitate him, and give him his proper position in American history.— CHARLES BURR TODD, *New York City, N. Y.*

Still Waiting for the Proofs.

September 5, 1903.

DEAR SIR: — I have received a clipping from your issue of August 2, 1903, in which I find the following paragraph: "Burr cherished an enthusiastic devotion for his wife, to whom he was chronically faithless, and for his daughter Theodosia, who perished at sea. But he never loved nor trusted anybody else. He had no respect for the virtue of a woman. He never remembered nor repaid a kindness. Except as to his regard for his family his moral character was without a redeeming trait."

As you will see by the enclosed circular letter, I am engaged in writing a "Life of Colonel Aaron Burr." If you will kindly read the small slip also enclosed, you will find that my object is to learn the truth about Colonel Burr. When I do learn it I shall print it.

It is to be presumed that the Editor of so influential a paper would not make statements like those quoted above unless he possessed good authority for doing so. You say that Burr was "Chronically faithless" to his wife. In my researches relating to the life and character of Colonel Burr, which have covered a period of fully twenty-two years, I have never met this statement before; on the contrary, I have a great many references the tenor of which is exactly opposite to your declaration. Judge John Greenwood, in a paper read before the Long Island Historical Society, in September, 1863, said: "His life with Mrs. Prevost (who died before I went into his office) was of a most affectionate character, and his fidelity never questioned. There is another thing that will add to his credit, he was always a gentleman in his language and deportment."

In another part of his address, the Judge said: "There are some who suppose that Colonel Burr had no virtues. This is a mistake. He was true in his friendships and would go any length to serve a friend, and he had always the strongest affections."

I could quote many other such references, but this one will suffice for my purpose. As I said, I am desirous of learning the truth. If you have in your possession any reliable information to prove the correctness of your assertions, or can refer me to any one who can supply me with such proof, I shall be greatly obliged for the same. I am preparing a book to be called "THE AARON BURR MEMORIAL." It will contain an account of the meeting at Newark, N. J., together with the addresses, poems, etc., delivered on that occasion. I shall take pleasure in printing in the "Memorial" the preceding extract from your article, a copy of my letter to you, and your reply. I enclose a post-paid, self-addressed envelope for the same.

Yours respectfully,

Correspondent-in-Chief,
AARON BURR LEGION.

Editor of "THE CHRONICLE,"
Chicago, Ill.

An Unproved Assertion: No Answer Yet.

September 4, 1903.

DEAR SIR: — As you will learn from the enclosed circular, I am engaged in writing a "Life of Colonel Aaron Burr." The slip enclosed has been sent out through this country to the number of two thousand, and yet I have failed to receive the information called for in relation to the profligacy of Colonel Burr. In your issue of July 29, 1903, I find the following paragraph: "For women he apparently had little or no respect, and in at least one instance returned the hospitality of his host by becoming the despoiler of his home." As you remark, these are "hard things to say about a man," and I have no doubt you will agree with me that such things should not be said about any man, living or dead, unless the assertion can be proved. You will greatly oblige me by sending, in the self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed, the proof of your assertion, or the name and address of some person from whom I can assure such proof.

I am now preparing the copy for the "AARON BURR MEMORIAL," which will contain an account of the meeting at Newark, including the addresses, poems, and comments of the press. It is my purpose to insert your article in the Memorial, together with your reply containing the proof of the statement hereinbefore referred to.

Yours respectfully,

Correspondent-in-Chief,
AARON BURR LEGION.

Editor of the
"REGISTER,"
Allentown, Penn.

To Rehabilitate Aaron Burr.

Associations, literary, historical, commemorative, have become a part of modern faddism as much as associations of a financial and business character. The Aaron Burr Legion, which has just had a gathering in Newark, the birthplace of Aaron Burr and the old home of his family, was organized to clear the fame of this notable personage, who is one of the *betes noirs* of American history, from the alleged scandals which blackened his career, and brought it to an ignominious close. The motive of such reconstructive ambition must always be deemed worthy of laudation, and it is a satisfying set-off against the spirit of iconoclasm, which also cuts up such interesting and ingenious capers in historical research. We can even pat that brilliant German on the back who undertakes to set Judas Iscariot on a high pedestal. The resurrection of a pure and noble womanhood in the person of the Duchess Lucrezia out of the fearful cesspool of the Borgias by a scholarly Italian a few years ago, was not only a picturesque presentation, but full of apparently sound logic. Among other victims of history Robespierre and Benedict Arnold have had their apologists and defenders. There is no

intellectual exercise more delightful than that of establishing the truth of a paradox.

Many biographies and monographs have been written on this fascinating character, and nearly all of them have taken the appreciative view. Even the first of them, the cynical Matthew Davis, Burr's own congenial friend, has to be read carefully between the lines to taste the flavor of condemnation which is to be found there. The best biographies in the interest are always appreciative, and not depreciative, for an obvious reason. All of us feel that a man has a right to be judged by his best and not by his worst, and that even bad men may have some admirable qualities. So when we peruse a biography like Parton's Burr, which is a piece of special pleading of the most brilliant sort from preface to finis, we can scarcely restrain a sympathy with the object. This is especially the case when the figure presented is a personality as vivid and commanding as that of Aaron Burr. It will need, however, a vast deal more eloquent and convincing rhetoric than has yet been wasted on the theme to convince the thinking readers of history that its verdict has been wrong.

No doubt, Aaron Burr was by no means the Mephistophelian combination of political and personal evil which he was represented to be in the fierce controversies of his period. The aggravated attacks which continued to assail his memory for a considerable time after were made more venomous by purely party heat, as well as by the fact that one of the idolized men of his age had fallen by his bullet. But after all is said that can be said in Colonel Aaron Burr's favor, after a prodigious sifting of all the facts and conditions of his career and the most tolerant interpretation of them, the verdict of his own contemporaries has not so far been reversed by any new light shed on his personality. That verdict, the concensus of his political friends and enemies, was that as a public man he was unscrupulous in the extreme; that he was the first great machine leader to whom any means was justified by the end; that his methods were corrupt and his aims purely self-aggrandizing; and that in private life his conscience was always at the service of his hedonistic impulses, and his conception of personal advantage.

It is much to be hoped that the beautiful self-devotion of the Aaron Burr Legion may be able to reverse the Aaron Burr legend, and that the forthcoming book of Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin, the chief of the organization, which is alleged to be the fruit of years of research and literary toil, may accomplish this end. There should be nothing more pleasing to just and generous spirits than the vindication of outraged innocence.

—*Newark, N. J., News, July 16, 1903.*

A Helpful Word from the South.

A "Burr Legion" has been formed in Boston to "do justice" to the memory of the late Colonel Aaron Burr, who by thousands for, lo! these many years, has been looked upon as having been almost as much of a traitor as Benedict Arnold. It is a fact, we guess, that the early historians and biographers were by no means void of partisan feeling against Burr. If his friends and admirers can produce any evidence to show that he was ill-treated it is their right to do so, and it is due him that they should.

Burr was tried for treason here in Richmond before Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Cyrus Griffin, but the prosecution fell through. He was acquitted.— *Times-Despatch, Richmond, Va., July 23, 1903.*

From One Who Wore the Gray.

New Orleans, La., July 17, 1903.

Correspondent-in-Chief,
AARON BURR LEGION.

DEAR SIR:—The enclosed clipping explains itself. Since a child, forty-five years ago, I have been interested in Colonel Burr's character, and in spite of all the prejudiced flings by writers, I have held and maintained that he was not a traitor to our Government, but one of its patriots. I read Parton's "Life of Burr" when a boy, and before I enlisted in the Confederate Army. It is the only book in Burr's favor that I have ever read. When will the memorial volume be issued? I wish to get one. I am a Mississippian and know very well the vicinity in which he resided when arrested.

Yours very truly,
W. W. MANGUM.

A Twentieth Century Opinion.

Had Burr been willing to go to Washington and canvass for the presidency, had he made the pledges which the Bayards of Federalism demanded, and which Jefferson's friends (unknown to Jefferson) did make, there can be no doubt that he would have been President of the United States. It only needed that he should crook his finger in the way of active self-help.

And had Aaron Burr become President, who can say that he would not have made a good one—as good as R. B. Hayes, for example.— *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson, by* THOMAS E. WATSON, *page 386.*

The True Aaron Burr.

Many a man has been misinterpreted and misunderstood and maligned. So was Aaron Burr. It takes the perfection of time to see rightly the complicated relations of men and organizations. Burr had his friends and enemies. He was able and brilliant and trained for life's best work. He came of good stock. He had his weakness and who has not? He had his excellencies and was capable of filling any office in the Union. He was heroic and the book shows him to better advantage than he has ever been shown. He is viewed impartially and studied with candor. The book ought to be generally read. It is due to the rising race to have just views of the great man who helped to build the republic.—*Worcester Gazette, Oct. 23, 1903.*

From Burr "Books."

"History is a Series of Lies Agreed Upon."

The views and opinions of the great mass of living men (and women) are still bubbling over with illusion and conventional fallacy. They delight to steep their souls in parroted fables, and accept the fashionable historians as unimpeachable messengers from heaven. The fact that "History is a series of lies agreed upon" (which was Napoleon Bonaparte's mature opinion) never seems to even dawn upon them.—*From* "RIVAL CÆSARS," *by* DESMOND DILG.

As a Brave Soldier.

Rev. GARDNER SPRING to M. L. DAVIS.
New York Brick-church Chapel, Oct. 24, 1838.

G. Spring's compliments to Mr. Davis, with a hasty reply to his note of yesterday.

The facts in relation to my venerable father's interview with Colonel Burr are just as I stated them to you at Saratoga. The last visit my father made me, he expressed a great anxiety to see Colonel Burr. I objected, and told him Burr had lost caste, and it was reputable neither to him nor myself to call on him.

For two or three days he relinquished the design of making the call. But on an afternoon just before he left us, he said to me, "My son, I must see Burr before I leave the city. I went through the woods with him under Arnold. I stood by his side on the plains of Abraham, and I have not seen him since the morning on which Montgomery fell. It was a heavy snowstorm. Montgomery had fallen. The British troops were advanding towards the dead body; and little Burr was hastening from the fire of the enemy, up to his knees in snow, with Montgomery's body on his shoulders! Do you wonder I wish to see him?"

I conducted my father to Colonel Burr's office, and we subsequently spent part of an evening together at my house in Beekman street. My father was a volunteer chaplain under Arnold, and, being friends at college, he and Burr were much together during that fearful campaign. G. SPRING.

From "THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AARON BURR," Volume I., Edited by MATTHEW L. DAVIS.

As a Successful Lawyer.

He was the most successful lawyer that ever plead, and it is said never lost a case in which he was alone engaged. Yet the general verdict is that he was not a great lawyer. Perhaps not. He certainly never affected greatness. A soldier by nature and profession, he regarded the end from the beginning and carried his soldierly tactics into the courts; he always used the means best calculated to gain his ends. If learning and eloquence were necessary, he could be both learned and eloquent. If appeal, argument, sarcasm, invective promised to be more effective, he used them, or he would win by showing the weak points of his adversary's case, rather than the strong points of his own. He was careful to go into actions thoroughly furnished; his weapons were always at command, and his armor without flaw; like most lawyers, he at times skirmished pretty close to the citadel of truth, but it cannot be proved that he ever resorted to dishonorable means to gain an end, while it must be said in his praise, that he was keenly alive to the interests of his clients, and was never known to betray a professional trust. —*From* "THE BURR FAMILY," *by* CHARLES BURR TODD.

As a Predestined Leader.

He was no longer the despised murderer of Hamilton, but the triumphant duelist; no longer the insidious, unscrupulous intriguer, but the general who had led the cohorts of Democracy to victory; and, finally, he was accepted as the predestined leader who was to scourge the Spaniards from America. This was, after all, the mission of his life. Such was Burr's announcement, and the news spread as fast as such welcome tidings might travel. To the Tenneseeans and the frontiersmen in general it was a battle-call they were only too eager to answer; and among the first to respond was Andrew Jackson, major-general of the Tennessee militia. —*From* "THE AARON BURR CONSPIRACY," *by* WALTER F. MC CALEB, A. M., Ph.D.

As a Good Friend.

She gazed steadily at Aaron Burr, watching his face. She saw him turn to her sister, now sunk into her chair, her hands covering her eyes. She crouched like a wounded bird.

She saw his eyes brighten and his hand close tightly. He walked to the bowed figure, and leaned over her. There was a world of tenderness in the act.

"Let me be your companion," he asked. "I would gladly aid you."

She looked up into his face, doubt written upon hers.

"But you are a stranger," she said.

"Do you so regard me? I had hoped we were already past that."

"Oh, sir, you have been kind," she answered, pained at the look in his eyes; "but I could not let you." She looked to her sister. "'Tis not possible, think you, Cis?"

"'Tis a most excellent idea," answered that lady promptly. "Now I shall not have to marry that we may secure a defender. We will accept your aid gladly, Colonel Burr, if you mean it."

He held out his hand to the girl impulsively. She seemed to him a comrade at arms rather than a woman to be protected. That clasp of friendship lasted throughout their lives.—*From* "THE TRUE LOVE OF AARON BURR," *by* LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE, *Munsey's Magazine, March to June, 1903.*

As a Revolutionary Hero.

The history of the war proves conclusively that there was no better soldier, or more devoted patriot, in the long list of Revolutionary heroes, than Aaron Burr; and all contemporary testimony agrees that no man ever lived of a more genial, hospitable, and kindly nature. Yet this man, unsurpassed as a soldier, unrivaled as a lawyer, pure, upright, and untar-

nished as a statesman, became, from the force of circumstances, the object of the bitterest calumnies that malice could invent or the blindest prejudice could believe. Persecution dogged him to his grave; and, although the life of a generation has passed away since then, justice still hesitates to approach the spot where the bones of the patriot-soldier repose. Under the garb of fiction, I have endeavored to contribute my mite toward relieving his memory from the unjust aspersions which imbittered his life. If I accomplish nothing more than to induce a portion of the rising generation to search the records of that life, I shall be amply repaid for the labor it has cost.—*From* "THE RIVALS": *A Tale of the Times of Aaron Burr, and Alexander Hamilton, by Hon.* JERE. CLEMENS.

As a Loving Husband.

He left her then, but ere many weeks had passed he was at The Hermitage again, and now the redcoats had left Paramus to return no more. And when, one eventful morning, he and she stood together in the drawing-room, I was in a corner from which I heard the parson's words and saw the transfer of the ring that made Madame Prevost Mrs. Aaron Burr. And so they went forth into the light of that great happiness that was theirs until death parted them, for the married life of Aaron and Theodosia Burr was the most beautiful that man or woman may ever know.—*From* "THE STIRRUP CUP," *by* J. AUBREY TYSON.

Aaron Burr as a Lawyer.

By Vice Councilor EUGENE L. DIDIER,

Baltimore, Md.

A gallant soldier in the American Revolution—a brilliant lawyer—a distinguished statesman — a polished gentleman, such was Aaron Burr. For his honorable services he deserved well of his country; he has received obloquy and insult; and for a century a dark cloud has obscured the bright fame of this once popular hero and statesman.

Other hands will lift the pall that has so long darkened the fair name of this most interesting and picturesque figure in American history. Other pens will tell the story of his heroism as a soldier, of his services as a senator, and as Vice-President of the United States,— I purpose to write of Aaron Burr as a Lawyer. . . . .

After practising law with great success in Albany for eight months, Burr removed to New York on the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, soon after the British evacuated that city, at that time a place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In this larger field he soon made himself felt as a lawyer prepared to take his place among the leaders of the bar. With the exception of serving two sessions in the State Legislature (1784-5), his profession took up his entire time during the next eight years.

Aaron Burr was not a great lawyer in the same sense that Marshall, Taney, Luther Martin, Pinckney, Webster and Charles O'Connor were great. But as a lawyer who possessed all the legal weapons of offense and defense and could use them with skill and daring, his equal has never lived. He was indefatigable in preparing his causes, examining evidence, and employing every expedient. He was never surprised by his adversary, but often took his adversary by surprise; no adversary ever found him tripping; but he often tripped his adversary. He was regarded as a martinet in the profession; he asked no favors, and granted none. Matthew L. Davis, who knew Burr long and intimately, said he would no more have solicited indulgence from an opponent in his professional practice than from an armed foe; but, at the same time, he rarely withheld any courtesy that was asked of him, not inconsistent with the interest of his client; like a gallant knight he struck rapid blows when engaged in legal battles. He was a strict practitioner; and was so fond of legal technicalities that he never omitted an opportunity of trying his own skill with that of the opposing counsel, in submitting pleas, demurrers, etc.

He did not pretend to be an orator. He never declaimed; his arguments were delivered in a quiet, calm, deliberate manner. He was never diffuse, but always to the point; sometimes sarcastic, but never domineering; his address was unrivalled, his manner courtly, his bearing cool and dignified. He never undertook a case which he did not feel sure of winning, and never lost a cause which he personally conducted. His style of speaking has been described as unique, as peculiarly his own; he was always brief; never loud, vehement or impassioned; but conciliating, persuasive and impressive, stern and peremptory, when the subject called for gravity or seriousness. He was too dignified ever to be a trifler. His enunciation was slow, distinct, emphatic. He spoke with great apparent ease, but could not be called fluent, although he never appeared to be at a loss for words, which were always so choice and appropriate that they seem to have been carefully selected; but they fell from his lips like as if they had been written down in a prepared speech and committed to memory. He never appeared hurried or confused, or betrayed the slightest embarrassment for the want of ideas to support his argument, or language in which to clothe it. He possessed a memory so well disciplined as never to forget anything in the excitement of the legal forum which in the retirement of his study he intended to use. He said he never spoke with pleasure to himself, or even self satisfaction, and seemed unconscious of the effect which he produced upon the minds of his hearers. A contemporaneous lawyer said: "Colonel Burr pursued the opposite party with notices, motions, applications, bills and re-arguments, never despairing himself, nor allowing to his adversary confidence, nor comfort nor repose. Always vigilant and always urgent until a proposition for compromise or a negotiation between the parties ensued. 'Now, move slowly,' he would say; 'never negotiate in a hurry.' I remember a remark he made on this subject which appeared to be original and wise: There is a saying, 'Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.' 'That's a maxim,' he said, 'for sluggards; the better reading of

the maxim is never do to-day what you can do as well to-morrow; because something may occur to make you regret your premature action.'"

In every case of importance tried at the bar of New York, from 1784 to 1800, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton were either on the same sides or on opposite sides. General Erastus Root, who knew Burr well and served with him in the New York Legislature and in Congress, and often heard Burr and Hamilton speak in court, said: "As a lawyer and as a scholar, Burr was not inferior to Hamilton, and his reasoning powers were at least equal. Their modes of argument were very different. Hamilton was very diffuse and wordy. His words were so well chosen, his sentences so faultlessly formed into a swelling current, that the hearer would be captivated. The listener would admire if he was not convinced. Burr's arguments were generally methodized and compact. I used to say of them when they were rivals at the bar that Burr would say as much in a half hour as Hamilton would in two hours. Burr was terse and convincing, while Hamilton was flowing and rapturous. They were much the greatest men in this State, and perhaps in the United States."

In a twenty-minute speech, Burr often completely demolished Hamilton's most elaborate arguments. Until he was elected Vice-President of the United States, Burr had no superior either at the bar of the State of New York, or in the United States. Said a lawyer of the time: "No lawyer ever appeared before our tribunals with his case better prepared for trial, his facts and legal points being marshalled for combat with all the regularity and precision of a consummate military tactician. No professional adversary has ever boasted of having broken, or thrown into confusion the solid columns in which he had formed them, or having found spaces in their lengthening line, or having beaten him by a *ruse de guerre*. He never heeded expense in completing his preparations for trial; and while laborious himself, he did not stint the labors of others, so far as he could command or procure them. Every plea or necessary paper connected with his causes was in the first place multiplied into numerous copies, and then abstracted or condensed into the smallest possible limits, but no material point or idea was by any means to be omitted. His propensity to condensation was a peculiar trait in his mind. He would reduce an elaborate argument extending over many sheets of paper to a single page."

Aaron Burr came to the bar at a very favorable time; the courts were crowded with business; almost every principle of law had to be settled, and most of the former leaders of the New York bar were excluded from practice in the courts because they had adhered to the Tory side in the Revolution. Up to this time no case had been reported in the thirteen States, consequently there were no written decisions to cite, no precedents to follow, no rules to guide the court and counsel. Every legal point bearing upon each individual case had to be argued every time. Burr's memory, which was wax to receive and marble to retain, gave him an immense advantage in the practice of law. As already mentioned, he enjoyed a large and lucrative business, estimated at ten thousand dollars a year, which was a very handsome income in those days. His remarkable success at the bar was not the result of flowery declamation, impassioned eloquence, or the rhetorical beauty of his language. He used plain, solid, concrete language, depending for success upon a clear presentation of the strong points in his causes. Burr's style as a speaker was like that of Sallust as a historian: his sentences were terse, his language choice but plain, so that every person could understand him. Hamilton was more like Cicero: his language was full, flowing, ornamental and impassioned.

It was said that Hamilton's eloquence induced a great elevation or depression of the mind, consequently could be easily followed by the note-taker. Burr's was more persuasive and imaginative. He first enslaved the heart, and then led captive to the head. Hamilton addressed himself to the head only. Yet Burr was very concise in his language; every word was in its proper place and seemed to be the only one suited to the place. He made few or no repetitions. If what he said had been immediately sent to the printer, it would have wanted no correction.

Burr's definition of the law — "whatever is boldly asserted, and plausibly maintained," — was pointed if not true. He lived up to this cynical maxim in his own practice of the law, and was the most successful lawyer of his time. . . .

Judge John Greenwood, who was a clerk and student in Burr's office for six years (1814-1820), in his interesting reminiscences speaks of Burr's manner in court: "He was somewhat reserved, although never submissive; he used no unnecessary words, and would present at once the main points of his case, and as his preparation was thorough, he was usually successful. If he thought his dignity was assailed in any way, his rebuke was withering in the cutting sarcasm of the few biting words, and the lightning glance of his terrible eyes, which few could withstand. I may say in this connection, that his self-possession under the most trying circumstances was wonderful, and he probably never knew what it was to fear a human being. His manners were cordial and his carriage graceful, and he had a winning smile in moments of pleasant intercourse which seemed almost to charm you. His heart was not in the profession of the law, but he was, however, a good lawyer, and well versed in civil, common and international law; acquainted generally with the reports of adjudicated cases, and in preparing important cases, usually traced up the law to its ancient sources." . . . .

On one occasion, soon after Burr began the practice of the law in New York, he and Hamilton were engaged on the same side in an important case. The etiquette of the bar assigns the closing argument to the leader of the case, but it was not decided who was the leader in this particular case. Hamilton, who had a very good opinion of himself, hinted that Colonel Burr should open the case. With that exquisite politeness habitual to him, Burr as-

sented to the arrangement without the slightest opposition. He determined, however, to give Hamilton a lesson. Having repeatedly talked over the case together, Burr knew every point Hamilton would made in his argument, and when he came to address the jury, he not only used all his own arguments, but anticipated all of Hamilton's. In fact, he exhausted the case, and left nothing for Hamilton to advance. Consequently, he carried off all the honors. Hamilton never afterwards showed an undue desire to take the place of honor in any suit in which he was jointly engaged with Colonel Burr. . . . .

The game old man continued the practice of law in the New York courts until he was nearly eighty years old. One morning at the close of the year 1833, as he was walking along Broadway, he was stricken with paralysis. He recovered from the stroke with astonishing rapidity, and was soon at work again, determined to be the man of business, the great lawyer to the last. In a few months he suffered another stroke which deprived him of the use of his limbs. Even then he would not give up, but, reclining on a sofa in his office, he received his clients and wrote opinions, and dictated letters, day after day. But, as the months went on, he was obliged to relinquish all business pursuits and accept his changed condition.—*Condensed from the* "GREEN BAG" *of Oct., 1902.*

From Friends of the Cause.

As Colonel on the field of battle, during the greatest revolution of the globe, as United States Senator, Vice-President, lawyer, orator, statesman, lover and philosopher, Aaron Burr never had his equal in this republic! Strong as the oak, and tender as the vine!—COL. JOHN A. JOYCE, *Washington, D. C.*

Anything and everything tending in the least to remove the dark clouds which have so long obscured the reputation of Aaron Burr, meets my hearty approbation. Though I cannot be with you, I send best wishes for the success of the movement you are about to inaugurate.—ISAAC JENKINSON, *Richmond, Ind.*

Though the greatest bulk of American ideas were, and are even this day, inaccurate judgment, regarding the true qualities of mind and characteristics of Aaron Burr; yet a loop-hole can be made in this to such an extent that the whole power of its superstitious and superficial reasoning may be dislodged and immediately dissolved.—JOHN H. FARRELL, *Building Trades Council, Wilkes-Barre.*

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you at the meeting of the relatives and friends of Aaron Burr. I wish you to know, however, that I am in hearty sympathy with the organization, and assure you that I will do all in my power to advance it.—STELLA E. P. DRAKE, *Boston, Mass.*

"Cranks" and "Faddists."

The crank is always with us. The Aaron Burr Legion, a society which has for its object the rehabilitation of the character of Aaron Burr, and whose headquarters are in Boston, holds its first annual assembly to-day at Newark, N. J.—*Burlington, Vt., News, July 14, 1903.*

The Aaron Burr Legion is devoted to the rehabilitation of Aaron Burr. It probably wants to vote him in the primaries with the dead dogs and four-year-old negroes.—*Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn., July 19, 1903.*

The Aaron Burr Legion has been formed to keep his memory alive. If these gentlemen live up to Burr's principles, their neighbors ought to keep shotguns and bulldogs handy, to say nothing of plenty of tar and feathers.—*Taunton, Mass., Gazette, July 15, 1903.*

New Jersey has an "Aaron Burr Legion" whose object is to "clear the name of Colonel Burr" and to erect a monument to him at Newark, where he was born. That is, they talk about the monument after the "clearing" has been done. Funny what fads folks will foster just because they have nothing else to do. The Legion should have for a motto: "The devil isn't as black as he's painted."—*Standard Union, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 22, 1903.*

After reading the above we feel inclined to tell a little story. A young lawyer, just admitted to practice, approached a veteran of the bar and asked, "Supposing you were counsel in a case and felt sure that the weight of testimony was against your client, and that there was but little hope of clearing him, what would you do?" The old lawyer smiled grimly and replied: "During my legal experience, which covers a period of more than forty years, I have always found that the best course to follow, in such cases, is to abuse the attorney on the opposite side."

We feel disposed to add a few words to the above. The members of the Aaron Burr Legion are neither "cranks" nor "faddists." They believe that Colonel Aaron Burr has been unjustly treated by biographers, historians, and the writers of school books. Impressed with this belief, they have gone honestly to work with the intention of proving, by reliable authorities, that he was no worse than his contemporaries. They have no disposition to endeavor to make a saint of him, but they do mean to explain away, so far as possible, the misstatements which have been made concerning him, and to remove, so far as they may, the obloquy which has been heaped upon him. As free American citizens they consider that they have a right to undertake this work, and they mean to carry it on without fear or favor. They know that all great movements and reforms have to pass through three stages—ridicule, argument, and adoption. The movement now, in the minds of many, is in the stage of ridicule; it will soon leave that, however, and move forward to the field of argument. When

that time comes, the writers of ridicule and sarcasm will have no part in the discussion, for it will have reached a stage beyond their attainments.

We know that the citizens of America are lovers of justice, and to their inborn sense of justice we shall appeal, and not to the prejudiced and bigoted minds of the scoffers and defamers.

We present, in condensed form, biographical sketches of some of the ladies and gentlemen who are members of the Aaron Burr Legion, taken from "Who's Who in America" and other sources.

Blake, Lillie Devereux, lecturer, author. Active in securing legislation for benefit of women and in the woman suffrage movement since 1869; for years President of New York State Woman Suffrage Association; now President of National Legislative League. Author of: Southwold, 1859; Rockford, 1862; Fettered for Life, 1872; Woman's Place Today, 1883; A Daring Experiment, 1898.

Carstarphen, Frank E., counsellor, journalist, and dramatist. Author of (with Robert Drouet) a romantic, spectacular drama, entitled, "Blennerhassett; or, the Trial of Aaron Burr."

Conway, Moncure Daniel, author. In 1849–50 studied law; in Methodist ministry, 1850–52; became a Unitarian, and, 1854–57, minister Unitarian Church, Washington; 1858–61, Unitarian Church, Cincinnati. Editor of The Dial, Cincinnati, and later, the Boston Commonwealth; wrote The Rejected Stone, and many pamphlets and articles favoring emancipation of slaves; lectured in England and became, 1863–84, minister at South Place Chapel, London; on staff London Daily News, and Pall Mall Gazette; large contributor to English and American magazines. Author of: The Earthward Pilgrimage; Idols and Ideals; Demonology and Devil Lore; The Wandering Jew; The Sacred Anthology; George Washington and Mount Vernon; Lives of Edmund Randolph, Thomas Paine (translated into French), Hawthorne and Thomas Carlyle; Barons of the Potomack and Rappahannock; Emerson at Home and Abroad; Pine and Palm; Prisons of Air; Republican Superstitions; Solomn and Solomnic Literature; etc. Member Century Club, Authors' Club.

Denham, Edward, manufacturer; devotes leisure to historical studies and assisting others in compiling books; his "Man in the Iron Mask," contributed to Frey's Sobriquets and Nicknames, 1888, is a complete condensed summary of that subject; compiled Volume X., 1891, of collections of Maine Historical Society, being an analytical index to the nine preceding volumes; prepared indexes for several historical societies; occasional contributor to newspapers. Member of American Historical Association, Moravian Historical Society, Nazareth, Pa.; American Academy Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, Pa.; Old Colony Historical Society, Taunton, Mass.; Pennsylvania Historical Society of Great Britain; Virginia Historical Society; Gorges Society, Portland, Me.; Prince Society, Boston, Mass.; Massachusetts Society Sons of American Revolution; National Historical Association; New York State Historical Society; Quebec Historical and Literary Society, Wisconsin State Historical Soiety, New Bedford, Mass.

Didier, Eugene Lemoine, author; entered commercial life but gave it up for litera ture: edited Southern Society, a weekly paper, 1867–68; was deputy marshal U. S. Supreme Court, 1869–70. Author of: Life of Edgar Allen Poe, 1876; Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte, 1879; Primer of Criticism, 1883; The Political Adventures of James G. Blaine, 1884. Contributor on historical and literary themes to various magazines.

Jenkinson, Isaac, editor, author, public service. Trustee State University. During the War of the Rebellion, at Governor Morton's (of Indiana) suggestion, he started an administration paper in Fort Wayne, Ind. The famous war governor trusted Mr. Jenkinson implicitly, and made him provost marshal of the Fort Wayne district, a position held by him to the end of the war. In 1873 was appointed Consul for the United States to Glasgow, Scotland, and served there five years with great efficiency. Author of: "Aaron Burr; his Political and Social Relations with Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton."

Law, Miss Marion Laird, journalist, author: editorial writer on the Newark, N. J., Daily News. Author of historical romances relating to New Jersey.

Mims, Hon. Livingston, orator, public service; Ex-Mayor of Atlanta, Ga.

McCaleb, Walter F., A. M., Ph. D., editorial writer, historian. Author of: The Aaron Burr Conspiracy, 1903. Fellow in the Texas State Historical Association; Sometime Fellow in History in the University of Chicago.

Morris, Ira K., journalist, historian. Author of: Memorial History of Staten Island, 1900; Life of Aaron Burr, serial; Freemasonry on Staten Island; Historical Sketches; Biographies.

Joyce, Colonel John A., journalist, author and lecturer. Author of: Checkered Life; Peculiar Poems; Zig-Zag; Jewels of Memory; Oliver Goldsmith; Complete Poems; Edgar Allen Poe; Brickbats and Bouquets; Beautiful Washington.

Pidgin, Charles Felton, author, librettist, inventor, statistician. In mercantile business, 1863-73; chief clerk (Statistician) Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor since June 12, 1873. Appointed and confirmed as Chief of Mass. Bureau of Statistics of Labor, January 28, 1903. Invented numerous devices and machines for mechanical tabulation of statistics, including the self-counting tally sheet, electrical adding and multiplying machine; automatic multiple counting or tabulating machine; addition register, schedule holder, typewriter adding machine, multiple adding or chip

system, electrical typewriter adding machine, and machine desks adapted and arranged for these devices. Has written poems and stories for newspapers, words for songs, librettos of cantatas, operas, and musical comedies. His published musical works include: Mercedes, grand opera; Cambyses, or The Pearl of Persia, cantata; The Adventure Club and Sunflowers and Lilies, quartet operas for male voices; Sancho Pedro, burlesque extravaganza; The Electrical Doll, The Electric Spark, and The Courtin', comic operas; Sparks, Lucifer Matches, Tactics, Wanted — A Partner, and Peck's Bad Boy, musical comedies. Author of: Practical Statistics; or, The Statistician at Work, 1888; Quincy Adams Sawyer and Mason's Corner Folks (novel), 1900; Blennerhassett; or, The Decrees of Fate (romance), 1901; Stephen Holton, A Story of Life as it is in Town and Country, 1902; Aaron Burr; or, the Napoleon of America (The Climax), 1902. Contributor to statistical periodicals; also poems, stories, etc., to magazines; was editorial writer for a short time for Boston Daily Times and Boston Daily News, and Boston correspondent for New York and Philadelphia papers. Has lectured upon statistical subjects before Boston Scientific Society, the New England Chautauquan Society, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Is a member of the Quincy School Association, English High School Association, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, The Bibliophile Society, The American Statistical Society, Society of American Authors, British Society of Arts, Commerce and Manufactures, Bostonian Society, Boston Authors' Club, The American Social Science Association, The National Educational Association, and The Economic Club of Boston.

Todd, Charles Burr, author, journalist. Was a teacher for several years. Member and Secretary, 1879-85, of Connecticut Commission for erecting old headquarters of General Israel Putnam, at Redding, Connecticut, into Putnam Memorial Park; member and secretary of committee appointed, 1895, by Mayor Strong, to print early records of the City of New York. Author of: History of Burr Family, 1879; History of Redding, Conn., 1880; Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, 1886; Story of the City of New York, 1895; Story of Washington, the National Capital, 1897; Lance, Cross and Canoe in the Valley of the Mississippi (with the Rev. W. H. Milburn), 1898; a Brief History of New York, 1899; The True Aaron Burr, 1902; The Real Benedict Arnold, 1903. Writer for Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography and James Grant Wilson's Memorial History of New York.

Wilder, Prof. Alexander, physician, journalist, author; editorial writer on Syracuse Star, 1852-53; Journal, 1853; clerk State Department Public Instruction, 1854-55; editor New York Teacher, 1856; College Review, 1857; on New York Evening Post, 1858-71; Alderman New York (anti-Tweed), 1872; inspector of schools, 1873; Secretary of National Electric Medical Association, 1879-95 (edited nineteen volumes "Transactions" 1870, 1871, 1872); President, School of Philosophy, New York; member Medico Legal Society; 1880, editor Metaphysical Magazine; contributor to same and to The Plantonist, Religo-philosophical Journal, etc. Author of: Secret of Immortality Revealed, 1846; Neo-Platonism and Alchemy, 1869; Ancient Symbol Worship, 1874; Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries, 1874; Serpent and Siva Worship, 1875; Vaccination a Fallacy, 1879; Plea for the Collegiate Education of Women, 1876; The Soul, 1884; Psychology as a Science, 1884; Fire—Plutonian and Promethean, 1884; Higher Sources of Knowledge, 1884; Life Eternal, 1885; Paul and Pluto, 1885; Ethics and Philosophy of the Zoroasters, 1885; Ancient Symbolism and Serpent Worship, 1886; Later Platonists.

From Friends of the Cause

Do you not think it would be a good idea, if a small booklet were published, setting forth a few points, showing the truth regarding some of the mistaken notions as to Colonel Burr? — ABRAM WAKEMAN, *New York City, N. Y.*

I am in full sympathy with the worthy objects of the Legion, and if you will, you may convey to them greetings from the daughter of a pioneer defender of Aaron Burr, whose earnest wish it was that there might be found some, among the rising generation, to undertake the task of clearing the name and fame of Aaron Burr from the unjust aspersions cast upon him by contemporary historians. — Mrs. MARY R. TOWNSEND, *City of Mexico, Mexico,*

[Daughter of Hon. Jere. Clemens, author of "The Rivals."]

They that seek the truth, if not completely joined to their idol, will soon discover that Burr was one of the bravest officers in our Revolutionary Army. Whether amid the snows of Canada or the intense heat of a summer day in New Jersey, he was ever ready to do his duty and lead on his troops to victory. — HENRY C. WARNER, *New York City, N. Y.*

I long ago made up my mind that Burr is deeply wronged by historians, and regretted that it was too lately realized to be so stated in my "Life of Randolph," where I had occasion to mention him several times. — The Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY, *New York City, N. Y.*

Nearly fourteen years since I became convinced that Aaron Burr has suffered shamefully at the hands of his countrymen. School children are taught that he was a base wretch and a traitor to his country, and his name has been, since 1804, a thing despised. Instead of reposing in a grave of obloquy, his ashes should rest in a splendid mausoleum in commemoration of his noble qualities. — HENRY F. ASHURST, *Williams, Arizona.*

I feel that you have done a great thing by presenting Aaron Burr before the public as he was. You have effectually quieted many babbling tongues. You have done an honorable act in defending a dead man who has been the subject of obloquy so long — and one who

did so much for America and the perpetuation of her institutions. — HARVEY HUFFMAN, *Stroudsburg, Pa.*

Aaron Burr was once a central figure in American history, and a recipient of the highest honors in the gifts of his countrymen; and in this day when all things are made equal, everything written in relation to him has its special significance. — Prof. ALEXANDER WILDER, *Newark, N. J.*

Of course every beginning is hard, and in this case harder than usual because of the many years in which Burr has been defamed and Hamilton idolized. Children in our schools are taught to despise Burr, and early impressions are difficult to change. I presume only the friends of Burr will be at the meeting; I trust that among them there will be good talkers whose utterances will make converts now or later.— EDWARD DENHAM, *New Bedford, Mass.*

With respect to my ideas on the subject of a monument for Colonel Burr and his daughter, allow me to say that the plan is one which strongly commends itself to me. Being a native of New Jersey and a resident of the city which joins it directly on the west, I naturally have a feeling that the place for such a memorial is the city of Newark, and as near as possible to the site of the birthplace of "Little Burr."— JOHN D. ANDERSON, *East Orange, N. J.*

While I cannot be present at the meeting, I desire to express my hearty approval of your generous and noble efforts to lift the dark cloud which has so long and so unjustly blackened the name and fame of Aaron Burr. As a gallant soldier, a brilliant lawyer, an accomplished gentleman, and an eminent statesman, he deserved well of his country. Instead of receiving the just reward of his honorable services to his country, he has received obloquy and insult. — EUGENE L. DIDIER, *Baltimore, Md.*

Your letter, requesting me to be present at a meeting of the relatives and friends of Aaron Burr, reached me, but it was entirely impossible for me to be present at the time named. My two grandmothers were first cousins to the distinguished man whose history has always interested me. It may interest you to know that I own a brocade gown once the property of Esther Edwards, mother of Aaron Burr. Should another conference be called I will endeavor to be present.- Mrs. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, *President of National Legislative League, New York City, N. Y.*

Col. Burr was, I think, treated with great harshness and some injustice and much misrepresentation, but being a politician he doubtless counted on all that. I feel for him as the father of Theodosia, whom he loved with a great, pure, perhaps saving love.— GRACE GREENWOOD, *New Rochelle, N. Y.*

I shall always deem it not only a pleasure but a privilege to do anything that lies in my power, as an American citizen and a journalist, to honor the memory of Aaron Burr, and to aid in correcting the poisoned falsehoods that have tarnished the pages of our histories, our schoolbooks, our magazines, and our newspapers for the past century.— IRA K. MORRIS, *West New Brighton, N. Y.*

You are aware of my views regarding the character, personality, integrity and patriotism of the lamented Aaron Burr, and of the beauty, though inexplicableness, of his silent conduct under open and secret concerted and individual malignings, to put it mild, of his morality and of his patriotism. I bid the dawning of the day when he will be vindicated from the vile aspersions, and his memory be revered in its proper light by all the people of America. God speed. It has a hearty Amen in my wish.—COL. MARCELLUS E. THORNTON, *Hickory, N. C.*

A monument in any shape to Burr, located in Newark, N. J., would be to bury it. New York is the great centre of attraction, and there, in a proper position, it would excite interest and arouse vindication.— GEN. JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER, *Tivoli, Duchess County, N. Y.*

I feel that no man has been so wronged in public estimation as Colonel Burr, and that the country had no truer soldier, statesman and patriot than himself.—HON. LIVINGSTON MIMS, *Mayor's Office, Atlanta, Ga.*

To those who are interested in the furtherance of the truth of history, your scheme ought to appeal; and personally I promise to aid in my small way. . . . I may say, too, that the idea of an appropriate monument to Burr has often appealed to me. It seems that there ought to be no difficulty in erecting one. I think, however, that it ought to be in New York.—DR. WALTER F. MCCALEB, *New York City, N. Y.*

Hamilton distrusted the people; he was a monarchist, and never was elected to public office by the people except on one or two unimportant occasions. Burr, that so-called wicked man, was repeatedly elected by the people till 1800. Then the people elected Jefferson, or at least Burr thought so. Burr trusted the people, and on Dec. 16, 1800, when the contest had been thrown into the House of Representatives, wrote: "As to my friends they would dishonor my views, and insult my feelings by a suspicion that I would submit to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and expectations of the United States."— EDWARD DENHAM, *New Pedford, Mass.*

Burr has suffered for a hundred years the cowardly attacks of historic guerillas, male and female, who have no conception of a brave man in adversity, or a noble character in temporary misfortune. — Col. JOHN A. JOYCE, *Washington, D. C.*

My interest in all that relates to our great ancestor increases in proportion as I realize how brave was his bearing under the malignant attacks of men once proud to be called his friends. — (Mrs.) NELLIE BURR LAURENCE, *Petersburg, Va.*

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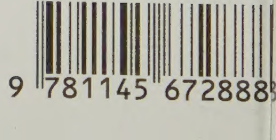

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